

# WAZZ

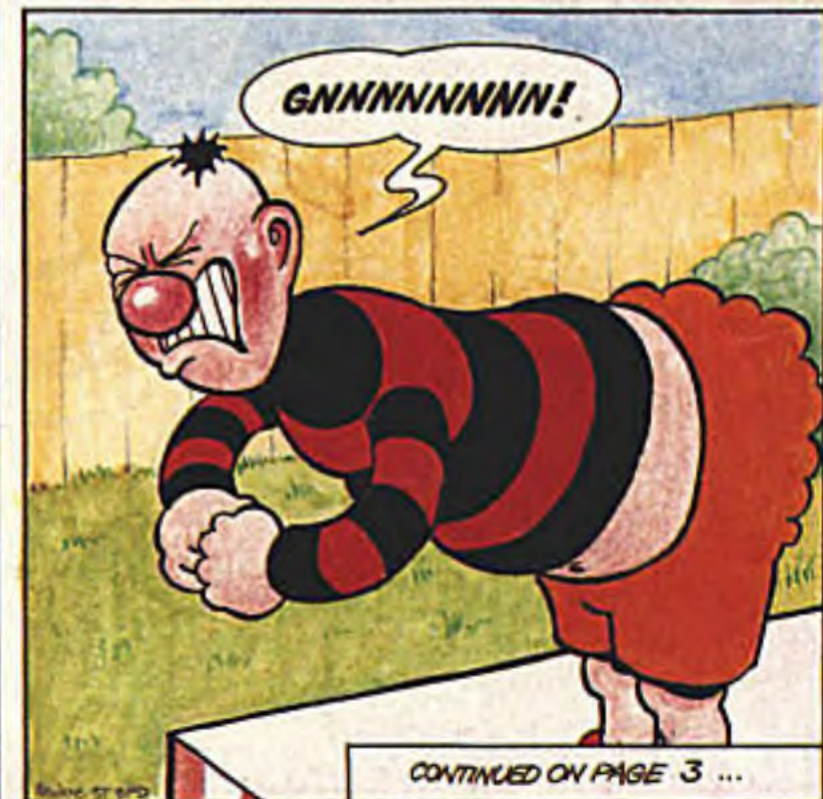
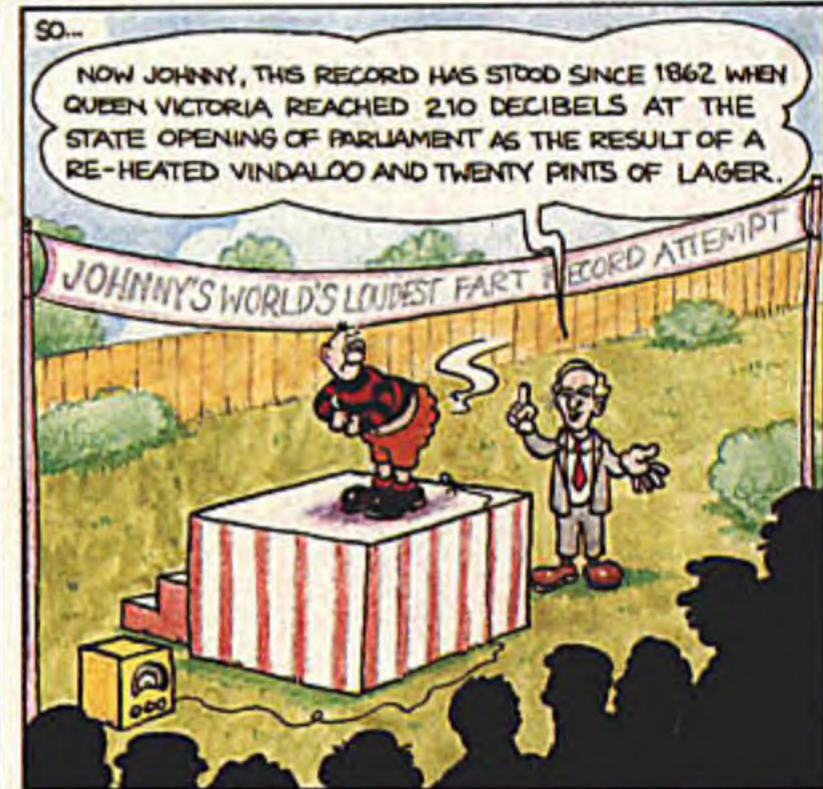
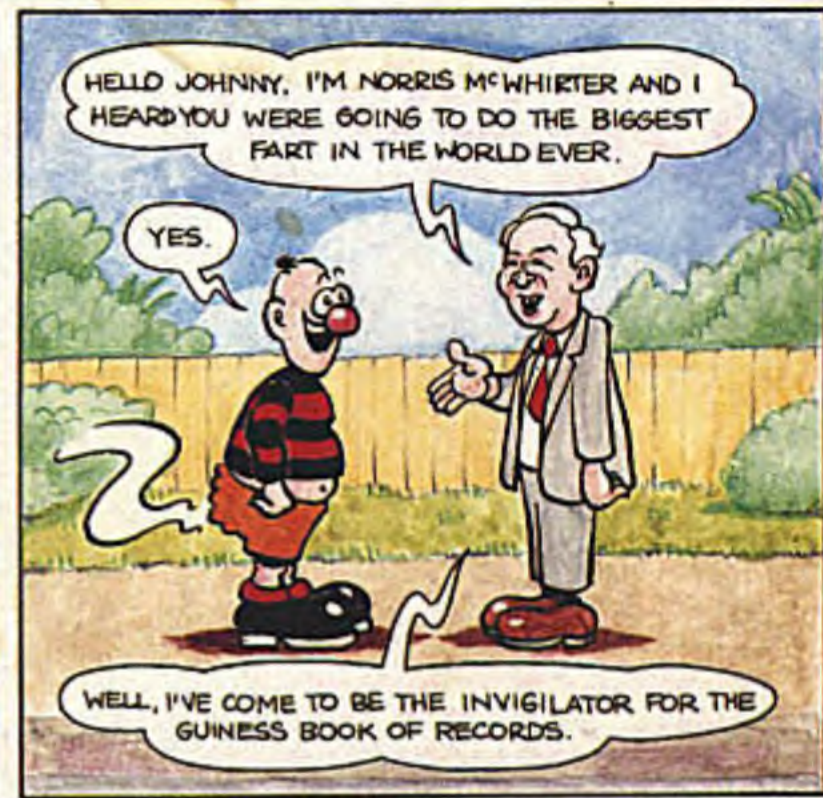
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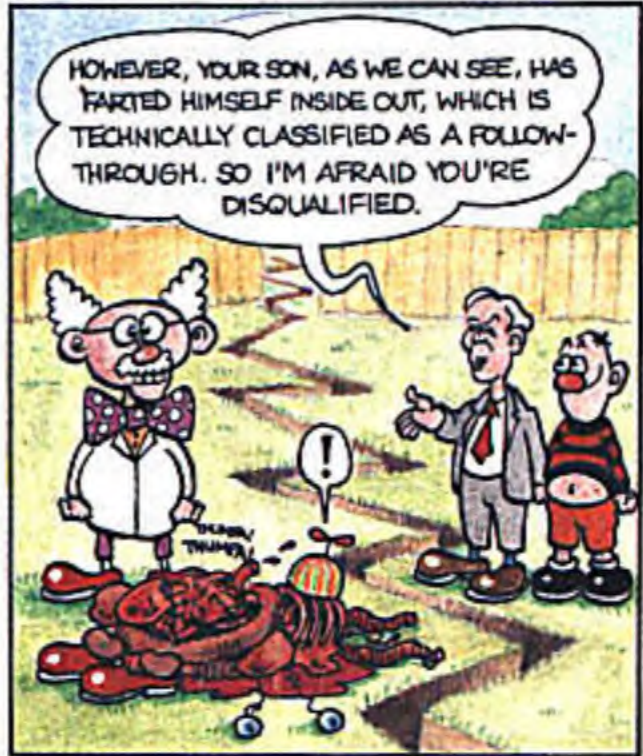
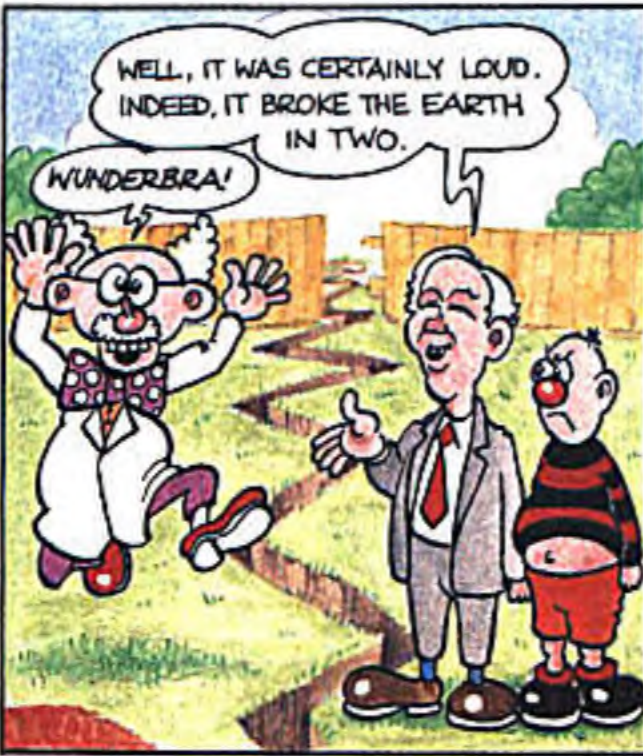
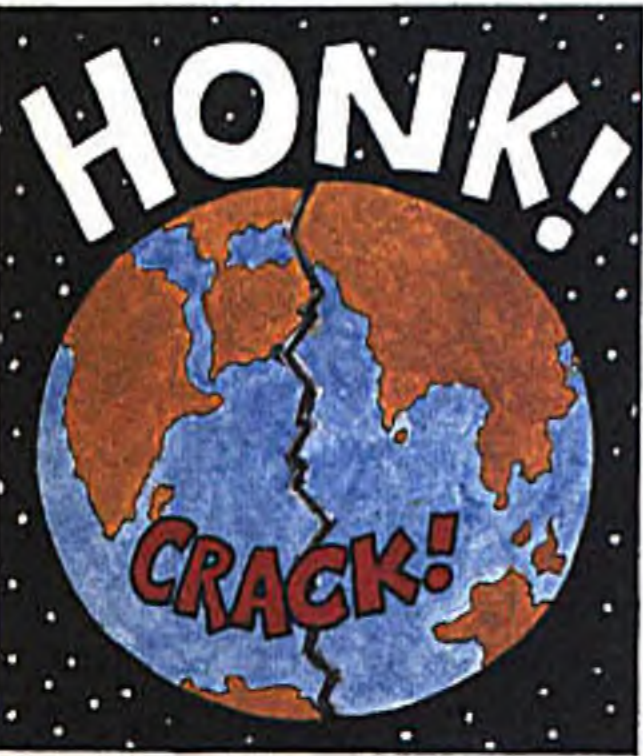
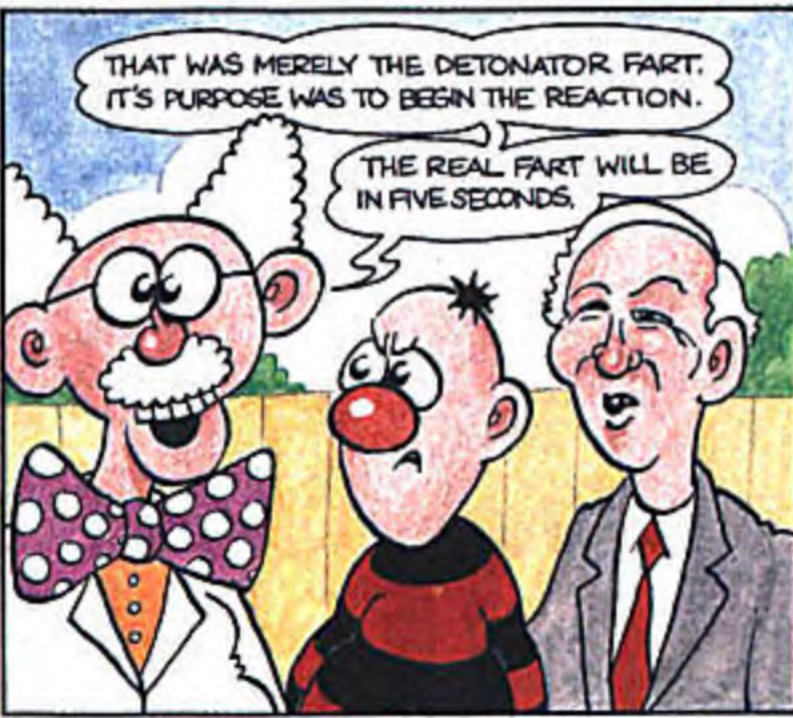
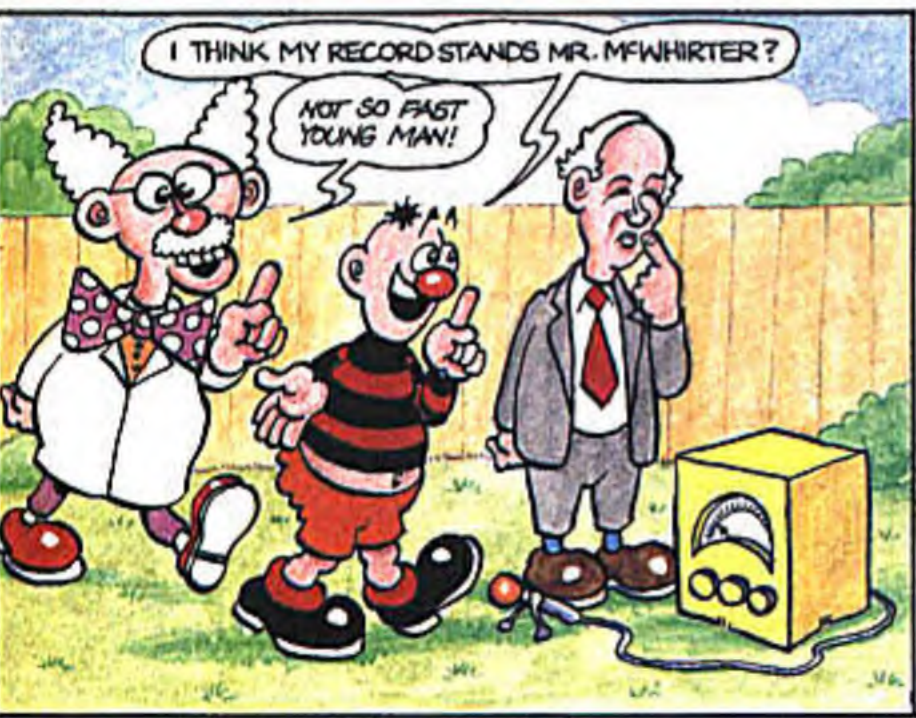
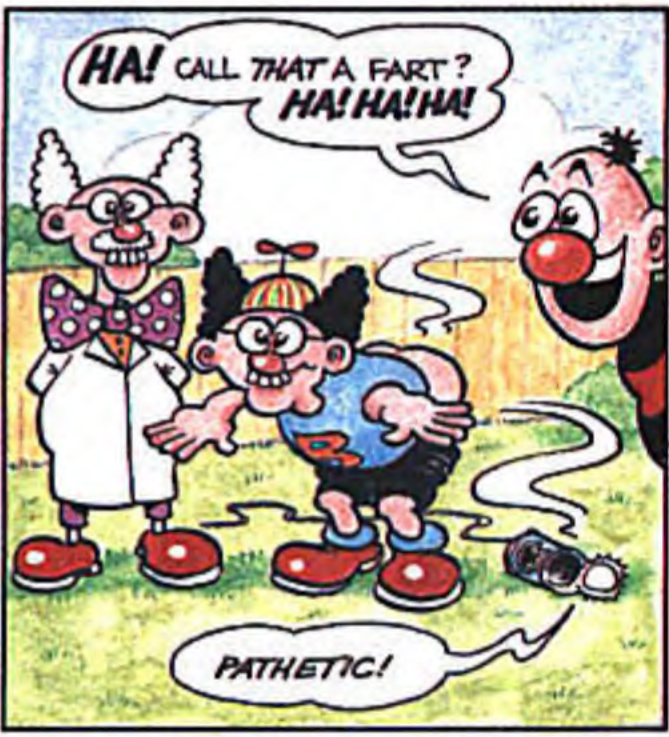
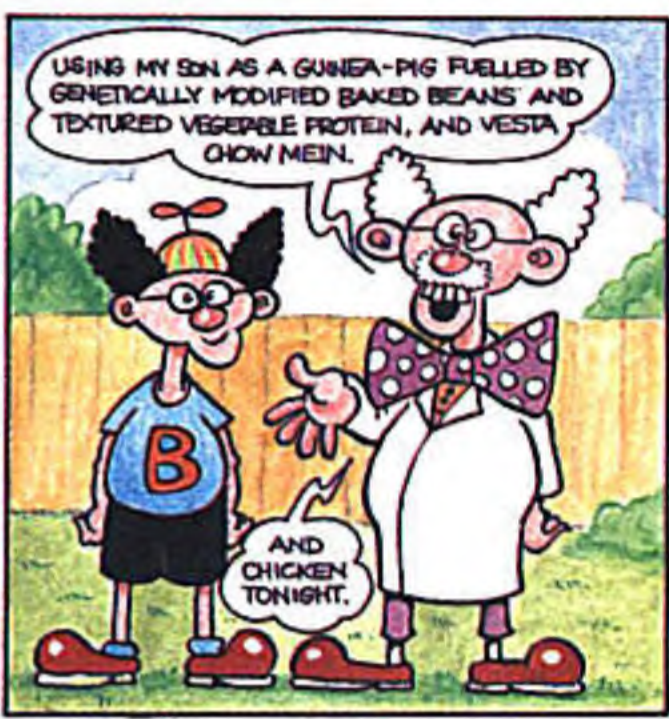
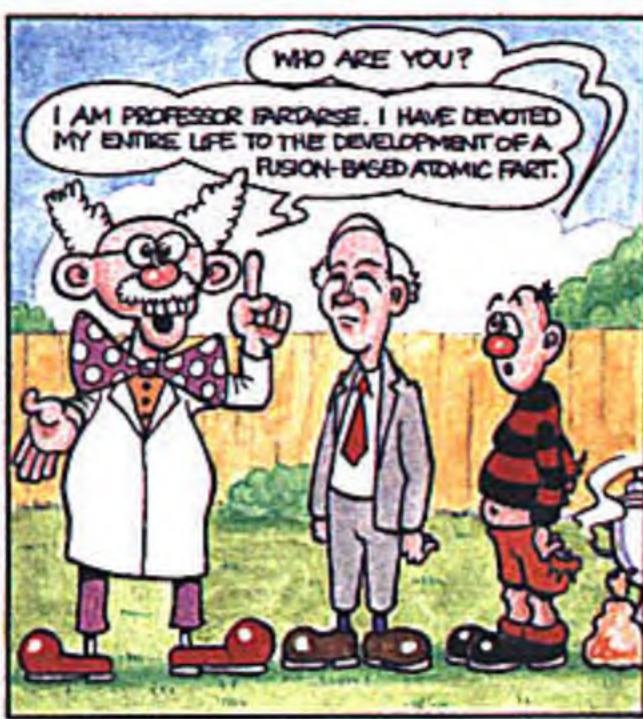
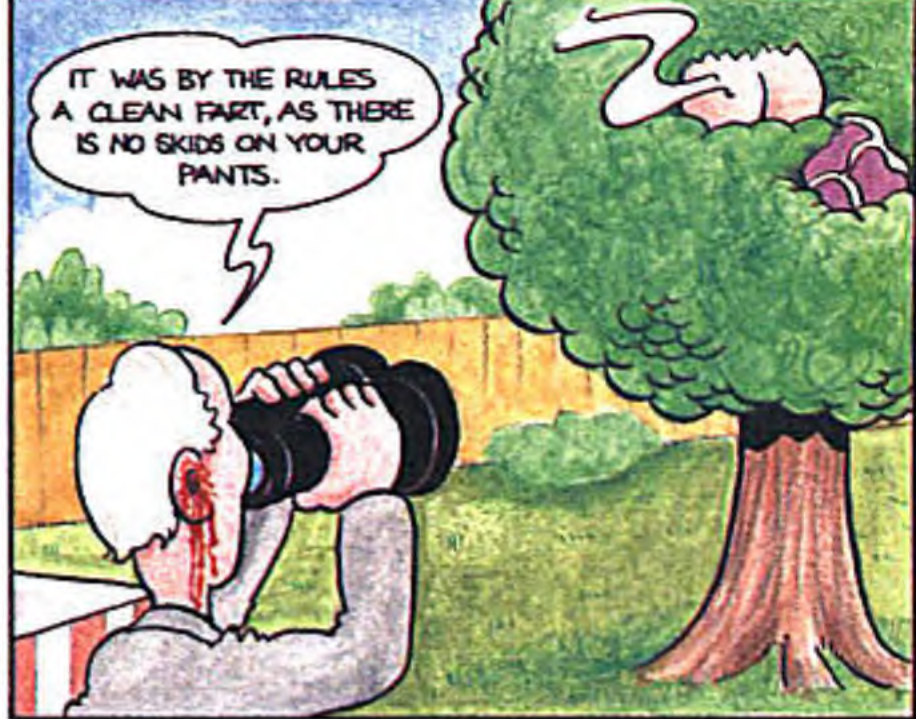
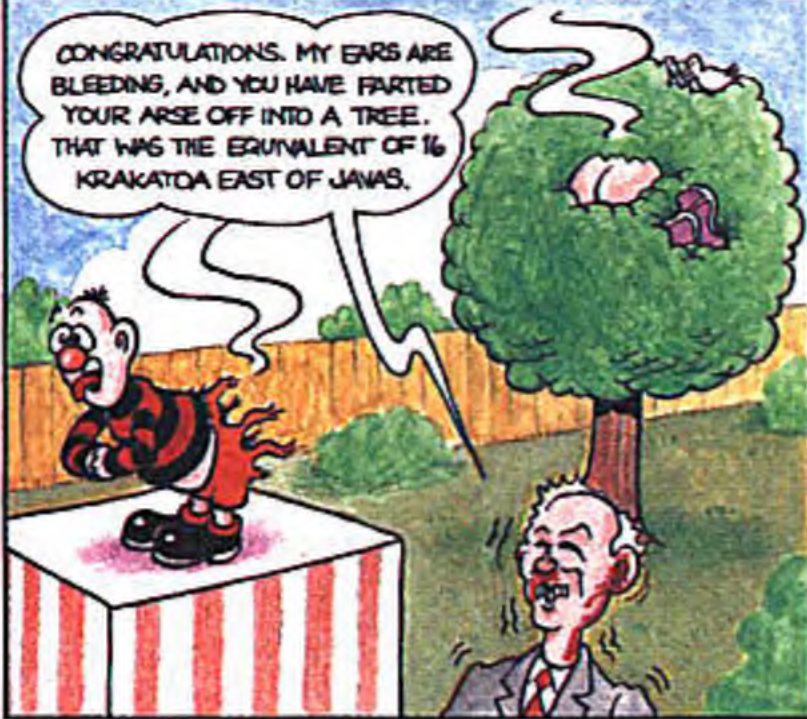
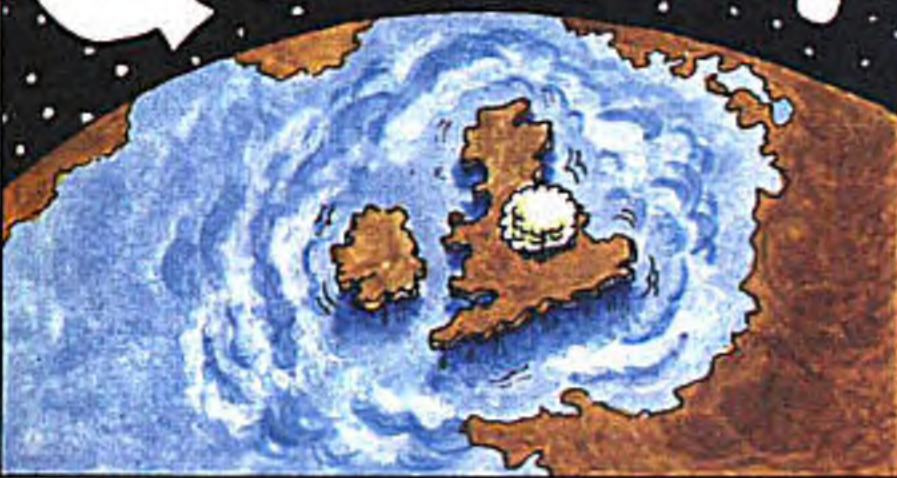
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**LUVVIE DARLING** **BIFFA BACON**  
**EIGHT ACE** **FAT SLAGS** **SPOILT BASTARD**  
**DAN DAREN'T** **MODERN PARENTS** **FATTY BALLATTY**



# QUACK!





## A cartoon illustration of a character with a crown, wearing a striped tunic and a belt. He has a large nose and a small mustache. He is holding a sign that says "ALAS NOVA TORRE". The background is black with the text "LUVVIE DARLING" in white.



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FIRST.

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 M/M/M/M! THEY'RE DELICIOUS!  
 CRACKLE'S ... POP!

EXIT

WELL??

WELL? WHAT DID YOU THINK?

OH, ERM...

BE BRUTAL, BE BRUTAL! BECAUSE MY GOD, THEY WILL BE.

WELL... AH. HOLD ON - THE FILM'S STARTING.

A cartoon illustration of a man with a large nose and a patterned cap, shouting "THE STAGE!" while pointing upwards. He is sitting at a desk with a typewriter and a newspaper.

YES, I'LL TREAD THE BOARDS IN THE SUBLINE FOOTSTEPS OF THESPOS. I SHALL GIVE SUCH PERFORMANCES AS LIVE IN THE HEART - FOREVER!

MY AGENT WILL BE PLEASED.

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...L-U-V-V-I-E...

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**NIX NIX NIX NIX**

**BIG CAST, BIG NAMES, MUSICAL PRODUCTION NUMBERS....**



GEOFFREY OUT OF RAINBOWS THE FRONT. YOU'RE THE ARSE END. ITS AN ACTING CHALLENGE, LUVVIE. ITS GOT COMEDY UDDERS AND EVERYTHING.

ALRIGHT ALREADY. LISTEN. I'VE JUST HAD A PRODUCER ON THE BLOWER. HE WAS AT THE PREMIERE LAST NIGHT AND HE LIKED WHAT HE SAW.



HE WAS WONDERING IF YOU FANCIED HAVING A PART IN A FILM HE'S MAKING.

I WOULD BE A CHURL TO DENY THEM THE OPPORTUNITY TO MARVEL AT MY LUMINOUS CINEMATIC PRESENCE

OH BUGGER...  
I PROMPT!

FUCK YOU  
UP THE  
ASS!

URGH  
URGH  
URGH

GODDAMMIT! YOU LOVE  
IT WHEN I FUCK YOU  
UP THE ASS!

FLUFFER ON THE  
SET PLEASE. HE'S  
LOSING WOOD.





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Editor **Chris Donald**  
Editorial Cabinet **Graham Dury**  
**Simon Thorp** **Simon Donald**  
Production Editor  
**Sheila Thompson**  
Office Manager  
**Susan Patterson**

Contributors  
**Davey Jones** **John Fardell**  
Additional illustration  
**Simon Ecob**

## SITUATIONS VACANT

## Editors/Contributors

Send samples of work to:  
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## SKEGNESS

In our 1996 Calendar we featured a picture of a jovial Fat Slag skipping along a polluted beach, under the heading 'Skegness Is Fucking Shit'. It has been brought to our attention by Skegness Borough Council that Skegness is NOT fucking shit. Quite the opposite. Skegness is GREAT, and has won an award for its clean beaches. We apologise for any confusion which may have occurred.

If you write us **Something funny** we'll turn that **bastard into money...**

# Letterbooks

## No Phil Collins

### required

£50 LETTER

SO Phil Collins is on record as saying he would leave the country if a Labour government ever came to power? Well if I were Tony Blair I would use this promise in Labour's advertising campaign before the next general election. I'm a life long Tory supporter, but I'd vote Labour if it meant that short arsed git would piss off abroad and never come back.

F. CAKE  
Bromley

£5 CUSTOMS and Excise tell us that for every pound of drugs they seize ten times that amount gets through. Well if they want fewer drugs getting through why don't they simply seize a smaller amount? Ideally they should seize none at all, since ten times nothing is nothing.

C. PASTY  
Padstowe

£5 SO, smug-faced TV hypnotist Paul McKenna can hypnotise boxers and block out pain can he? Then he won't mind giving me a quick demonstration while I clock him round the head with a cricket bat.

T. WATTS  
Thurmaston, Leicester

£2.50 I WAS delighted to get a look at C.A Gray's 'Large Fadge' in the last issue. But I can beat that. I often say to my husband "Give us a Bottom Muffin". These saucy snacks are available from a bakers in Beswick.

SHEL TOMLINSON  
Cleator Moor, Cumbria

Letterbooks,  
P.O. Box 1PT,  
Newcastle upon  
Tyne, NE99 1PT

## Squaddies on the scrounge

DURING the Gulf War Princess Di cheered up the troops by allowing at least one soldier - Major Hewitt - to get his fingers and tops on his return to Britain. Well as a squaddie serving in snowy Bosnia it would cheer me up no end if there was a chance of shagging a Royal on my return. Ideally the lovely Lady 'Melons' Windsor. How about printing a picture of her with her 'dobragrudis' out?

CPL. WILLY SLATER  
Bosnia

\* If Lady Helen 'Melons' Windsor is reading and happens to have a topless holiday snap to hand she can do her bit to raise military morale by sending it to Corporal Slater at JFIT 3, c/o G2 HQ ARRC, BFPO 543.

I'M a squaddie serving in Bosnia over Christmas and I'd like some free gifts off you cos I bet you're



Collins - take your money and stick it up your arse.

loaded and you wouldn't mind giving me and my chums some free gifts. Cheers mate.

SIG MAXWELL 24896182  
7 Signal Regiment Forward  
(ArC)

Zetra Stadium, Sajaejuo,  
Bosnia, BFPO 543

\* We've received scores of similar requests from squaddies in Bosnia so we've decided to launch an appeal on their behalf. If YOU have any unwanted Christmas presents (socks, tins of biscuits, after shave, jigsaw puzzles etc.) please forward them to Signman Maxwell at the address above and he can then distribute your gifts to the British armed forces in the area.

WITH regard to the unfortunate woman who was pronounced dead by her doctor and then found to be alive by mortuary attendants. How can we be sure that she is alive? For all we know her unreliable doctor could have made another silly mistake, this time by telling us she is alive when in fact she is dead. I suggest her relatives get a second opinion before taking her home from hospital.

T. LEG  
Ayelsbury

## Time gentlemen please

IN reply to C. Quaver's reply to my letter (both later on in this issue), if there's no such thing as time travel how come I'm writing this before you've even read my letter?

J'INGE  
Buckingham Palace

## Fairweather fan writes

I AM Mick Brown, the drummer who two former Amen Corner groupies (Letterbooks, issue 75) claim to have slept with. I still live in Cardiff, although I am NOT married to a former Miss Wales. Our lead singer Andy Fairweather-Low is also alive and well and is now playing tennis in Division Two of the Dunlop South Wales League (see clipping enclosed from the South Wales Echo). Another member of the band, Alan Jones, runs a pub in Gwent called The Filling Station. After I left the band Amen Corner changed their name to 'Fairweather' in order to be more progressive. Do I win the £50?

MICHAEL BROWN  
Cardiff

## 46 Sport

### Seconds join their seniors in top flight

Tennis by Terry Phillips

MACKINTOSH Seconds clinched promotion to Premier Division One in the Dunlop South Wales Tennis League with a 9-0 success against Bridgend.

The result was even more depressing for Bridgend, who included former Welsh rugby international John Lloyd, as they needed a victory to avoid relegation.

The match completed an unbeaten season for Mackintosh Seconds' first pair of Andy Fairweather-Low and Gareth Lewis.

But they were given an unexpected scare by the Bridgend pairing of Peter John and Chris Davies, who held them to 6-4, 3-6, 6-4.

\* Sorry Mike. We can find no trace of an Amen Corner drummer by the name of Mick Brown in our Alphabeat Annual 1969. We rang The Filling Station pub in Gwent where a rather confused gentleman confirmed the manager's name was Alan Jones but said he wasn't due in until later that evening.





## True Blue

☐ I REPRESENT the real Blue Weaver out of Amen Corner who lives in Chiswick, West London, and has no connections with stoats (contrary to previous reports on your Letterbocks page.) Blue is busy recording a track called "I am the REAL Blue Weaver" featuring his sensational organ playing. Any record company interested in releasing it as single can contact Blue Weaver via my E mail address which is 100653,3435 @compuserve.com.

ADRIAN YORK  
Richmond, Surrey

☐ IF YOU are serious about locating the whereabouts of sixties group Amen Corner you could do worse than to turn up at the Sandown Pavillion on the Isle of Wight on January 13th 1996 at 8p.m. They will be appearing live on stage along with fellow sixties bands 'The Manfreds' and 'The Tornados'. Do I win anything?

H. BARTLETT  
Ryde, I.O.W.

\* Sorry Mr Bartlett. Your letter arrived on the 14th, too late for us to get to the Isle of Wight in time to investigate your claim.

☐ I BIT into a Cornish pasty which I bought in Tesco's six years ago and out popped a man called Sergei who spoke in broken English and claimed to be the guitar player in Amen Corner. I suffered a broken tooth in the incident. Do I win £5?

M. F.  
Gomersal, West Yorks.

☐ I'M ERIC Clapton, the dead famous guitarist. I wasn't in Amen Corner but I do know of a guitar shop near Bracknell called Amen Corner Music. Its one of Berkshire's largest rock music shops, with a huge range of music and amplification equipment. I bought my very first guitar there, and I still go back regularly to get a new string when one snaps. I'd highly recommend Amen Corner Music to your readers. It's on Beehive Road (off London Road) at Binfield, Bracknell. Take the M4 to Junction 10 then follow signs for Reading and Bracknell,

then bare left for Bracknell on the A329(M). Take first exit left onto London Road then turn right at the first roundabout. We're on the left. I mean they are on the left.

ERIC CLAPTON  
Somewhere posh

## Amen Cornered at last

**£50** UNLIKE all of your previous correspondents on the subject I definitely WAS in sixties pop combo Amen Corner. I played lead guitar, and was also in the subsequent group Fairweather which had one hit 'Natural Sinner' in 1972. I then worked as a music journalist and in 1975 became a photographer for Cardiff City Council for whom I still work. Last year I drove in an aid convoy to Croatia where I took this snap of myself sitting on a pile of vegetables. I hereby claim my £50 and would like the cheque payable to 'Convoy of Hope' and sent to me at Cardiff City Hall. The cash will be put towards further aid convoys to Croatia in the New Year.

NEIL JONES  
(out of Amen Corner)  
Cardiff



\* Experts confirm that the man sitting on the vegetables in Bosnia and the prematurely balding man sitting on the wall in the sixties (third from left) are one and the same! You win Fairweather and square, Neil, and a £50 cheque is on its way to your joint Amen

Corner/City of Cardiff aid mission to Croatia. Amen Corner fans can send their own donations to this worthy cause (payable to 'Convoy of Hope') to the Public Relations Department, Cardiff City Hall, Cathays Park, Cardiff, South Wales.

## Arse Horror

**STUNNED** shoppers looked on in horror yesterday as a middle aged man disappeared up his own arse.

The freak incident took place in Leeds city centre and was witnessed by hundreds of passers by. Traffic warden Brian Trafford saw what happened.

"I heard a scream and turned to see this woman outside a shoe shop drop her bag. The bloke standing next to her had gone blue in the face. Suddenly his legs disappeared up his arse, then his arms. It was as though his bum was eating him. She was hysterical."

### Vain

Efforts to save the man were in vain. "A few of us ran over to help but by the time we got there only his head was left sticking out. It was

awful. He mumbled something then that went up too and he was just gone. There was nothing anybody could do."

### Capillery

A police spokesman said that scientists were examining the scene trying to piece together exactly what happened. "Our efforts are being hampered by the fact this gentleman totally disappeared up his arse and as a result we do not have a body, or indeed any evidence of any sort". An appeal has been launched for witnesses to come forward. The man, who was understood to have been in his fifties, has not yet been named.

## Money for old soap

☐ RECENT issues of Viz have been peppered with cheap defamatory references to your cousins 'Down Under'. You mention our convict heritage, and refer to our lack of intellect. Well if we're so fucking thick how come its YOU who fork out millions to import brainless TV crap like Neighbours?

BRAD PEADON  
Sydney, Australia

P.S. Please send me the equivalent of £5 in Australian dollars, and make sure the pen works upside down.

**"Even if your spellings shitty, and your letter isn't witty, write to us and WE WILL PAY!"**  
(There's a chance that we might, anyway)

## Your right, we're wrong

☐ ON your last letters page (issue 75) you featured a pedantic complaint pointing out that "Pedantic's Corner" (issue 74) should have been "Pedant's Corner". However you laid yourselves bare to further criticism by heading the letter "A pedant write's", incorrectly using an apostrophe before the 's'. I therefore claim £5 for spotting this dreadful error.

JIM BOWMAN  
Mercury Theatre, Colchester

☐ ROBIN Walker (issue 74) is not as pedantic as me. Seeing as the column in question contained letters from TWO individuals, it should in fact have been headed in the plural, i.e. "Pedants' Corner" (the apostrophe coming AFTER the s.)

JOE GOODMAN  
Bath

\* Yes, you're both right. A crisp fifteen pound note is on its way to both of you.

☐ AS a West Bromwich Albion fan of some 21 years standing I was saddened that our pedantic Irish friend (issue 74) saw fit to hijack the club's name and use it as an unlikely 'nom de plume'. As a Bjorn Borg fan of about 23 years standing I was further angered by the smug Mick's insistence that "Bjorg, by the way, is a tennis player". Bjorn Bjorg? Paddy's keen to disprove the popular 'myth' that they are stupid would do well to think twice before going into print.

JOHN DEBROSSES  
Le Havre, France

P.S. Any of your readers sharing an interest in both West Bromwich Albion and Bjorn Borg may wish to subscribe to my fanzine 'Borg Borg Baggies', available for £1.50 from the following address (£2 if outside Normandy). L'Assis-tant Anglais, LGT Port Oceane, 44 rue Emile Zola, 76087 Le Havre, France.

Letterbocks continues...



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Letterbocks continued...

☐ I AM from the future and have come back in time to tell your readers all about the next Century. Not long from now the Money Virus kills off everyone except the poor. The survivors are left with plenty of everything, and what's even better is that aliens come and give us a pill that means we never get ill or have hangovers. There is no work, so every day is a holiday. Sometimes we travel to the past for a change of scene. Everyone's got futuristic gadgets, like the replicator on Star Trek that makes things, so we always have everything we need. It's paradise. I'm just sorry all you rich bastards will never see it. Enjoy what little time you have left.

J'INGE  
Buckingham Palace  
The future

## Load of old cobblers

☐ I'VE OFTEN heard people say that "Thyme is a great healer". As a reputable cobbler of some fifty years standing I know for a fact that only prolonged practice in cobbling and heel replacement can make you a great healer. The chances of a garden herb being able to substitute the solidity of a solid man-made sole are futile to say the least.

PAUL GREENWOOD  
Wigan

☐ YOUR correspondent "J'Inge" (Letterbocks, previous letter but one) talks out his arse when he says he's from the future. If time travel is ever invented in the future, then it would exist now, wouldn't it. It doesn't, so it won't be. Which proves he isn't.

C. QUAVERS  
Hendon

## On the piss

☐ IN RESPONSE to your reader who can drink five pints of lager without needing a piss (Letterbocks, issue 75). I regularly drink five pints of piss, and have never needed a lager.

A. SOUTHERN-SOFTY  
Lahndan

☐ I CAN drink eight pints of 'Special Brew' before pissing blood. Where's my fiver?

M. GRANT  
Kings Lynn, Norfolk

## Winner makes it all



Winner - fat cunt

☐ IF Michael Winner was an MP he'd have no trouble complying with the Nolan Committee's recommendations concerning declaration of income. In fact, you'd have to prosecute the fat cunt to shut him up and stop him telling every fucker how much loot he's got, where every last penny came from, and what he's been spending it on this week. The fat, arrogant, fat, self-obsessed, draft dodging, fat bastard fat cunt bastard. And his bird's a gold-digging slag heap too. Probably.

A. STENSON  
Stockport  
(A thin, broke, ex-squaddie  
Gulf war veteran with no  
bird, gold-digging slag heaps  
or otherwise)

☐ AS a loyal citizen of this country I respect the monarchy and have a particular fondness for the Queen Mother. Yet ironically I am looking forward to the day of her demise. Because as a civil servant I will get a day off work when they bury her.

S. G.  
Shropshire

☐ READERS wishing to charm their birds kecks off could do a lot worse than buying them item A from page 302 of Freeman's Catalogue. Or item L on page 303. In fact just about anything from pages 301 to 313.

A.W.  
Horley, Surrey

## Door catch

☐ IN ISSUE 75 your correspondent T. Kitchen suggests that if Lloyd's bank wished to genuinely help left handed people they would put hinges and door handles on BOTH sides of their doors. I would however point out that a door handle on only one side of the door is equally useful to both right and left handed people as going in you have to use one hand, and going out the other; furthermore, my own experiments have confirmed that by putting hinges and handles on both sides of a door you render it immovable.

DR IAIN R. MCNAB  
Lecturer in Physics  
University of Newcastle  
upon Tyne

\* Elementary Dr McNab.

## Nudes at Ten

☐ IF ONE female news reader started reading the news with her top off everyone would tune in. Before you know it they'd ALL have to get them off in order to compete for viewers. Then all the weather girls would start getting them off too. I can't wait.

JIM CARTER  
Oulton, Norfolk

## Mad McCow Scare

☐ HAVE any other readers noticed that the letters from 'RONALD McDONALD' are an anagram of MAD COW DISEASE?

ERIC G. SMITH  
Hardgate, Clydebank

☐ I RECENTLY toured Holland in search of something which might appeal to the baser instincts of your readers and win me a night out with Kim Bassinger. Something with 'spunk', 'wank' or 'arse' on it perhaps. The best I could do was a chocolate bar which featured some nuts and the word 'knacker', but unfortunately I forgot to keep the wrapper. I assume therefore I don't win anything.

PETER WRIGHT  
Grimsby



## Sub standard

□ I HAVE just finished my first year's subscription to Viz overseas. I would like to congratulate you on sending me four copies of the same issue in one week, and then fuck all else for the entire year. At least you got round to debiting my credit card - twice - for this seamless piece of efficiency. To show there are no hard feelings, here is a sweet wrapper from Sweden. Sorry, there were none with the words 'spunk', 'wank' or 'fuck' in them. But considering your performance you're fucking lucky to get this one.

GARETH HOLDER  
San Francisco



□ I WAS wondering whether any of your readers would be interested in swapping black fruit gums for Murray Mints?

MAT SZABO  
Hong Kong

\* Any other readers with sweets to swap? Why not send details of your swaps (and wants) to: Sweet Swap, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. We'll print details in the next issue.

## She gets the hump

□ HOW come when I'm shagging my girlfriend she starts to whine cos I can only last two minutes? You'd think she'd take it as a compliment, the miserable cow.

JOEL YOUNG  
Middlesbrough



## Back on the piss

□ ON THE subject of Southerners' drinking habits (Letterbocks, issue 75) why don't Cockney's try asking for a pint of 'Fairy Liquid' next time they go to the bar. Cos their beer tastes like washing up liquid, and only puffs drink it.

P. BIRCH  
Hull

□ TO QUOTE a recent TV commercial for Fullers Beer "Down South we put cream on our strawberries, not our beer". Mr Birch (the previous correspondent) is therefore wrong to compare Southern beers with 'Fairy' washing up liquid. As any housewife knows you get a decent head on Fairy Liquid, while even the Southern brewers acknowledge their beer is as flat as kipper's piss.

BILLY-BOB KEEGAN  
Leyton, London (in exile)

□ NEVER mind Cockneys drinking shandy, piss, washing up liquid etc. I met a load of them on holiday in Nice, France, and they were all wearing women's underwear.

A.N.  
Denton, Manchester

£20 ANY drought victims in Yorkshire who thought their emergency water supply tasted funny recently - it's cos we've been pissing in it.

B.P. and G.H.  
Bellingham (near Kielder reservoir)  
Northumberland

□ I AM a great fan of your comic and have been for many years. You probably think I am trying to get something off you for free, but I do not wish that. It is my birthday tomorrow (I will be 16) and I would be honoured if you would write back,

would you please. I will understand if you just laugh at this, but I enclose a stamped addressed envelope for you to write to me if you would be so kind.

KIERAN KYLE

\* Thanks Kieran. If you write again, telling us where you live, we'll get back to you. Your envelope had no address on it.

## Storm of protest

□ IN THE song 'You'll never walk alone' Gerry Marsden advises listeners 'When you walk through a storm, hold your head up high'. However as lightning always strikes protruding objects not only is this advice wrong but it is also potentially fatal. Mr Marsden and his gullible fans would do well to note that in stormy conditions it is best to present as small a surface area as possible to the atmosphere and crouch down close to the ground in the open away from large objects such as trees.

S. ROLL  
Bakersfield

□ I WAS hoping you could help me by printing the following message for my husband who popped out for a pint of milk two years ago and hasn't returned. "Barry. If there's no silver top, semi-skimmed will do".

MRS OLIVIA BRITTON  
Didsbury, Manchester

## TVs on TV

□ THERE has been a lot of TV coverage recently devoted to the subject of transvestites. I can't help feeling there are enough ugly women in this world already without men having to dress up as them.

JIM MCATEER  
London SE15

□ GILLIAN Taylforth should live in America. There they thoughtfully provide special places to park if you fancy giving your boyfriend's bellend a quick peel and polish, as this recent photo (left) proves.

ROY CARTER  
Mountsorrel, Leicestershire

## Top of the Tips



\* After careful deliberation the judges in our 'Top Tips' competition decided that the winner was the only entry we received - Humberfield Quarry, near Hull, pictured above. "The tip is a hive of activity for seagulls and dirty old men looking for

discarded wank mags" says Paul Harrop, from Hull, who collects our first prize of an almost full tin of Belgian butter cookies, and a large unopened jar of salted cashew nuts. And some small oranges.

□ I READ with interest S.Roll of Bakersfield's letter regarding lightening and the sixties pop singer Gerry Marsden (Letterbox, this issue). As a solicitor specialising in injuries compensation and negligence claims I would be most interested to hear from anyone who, upon reflection, thinks they may perhaps have suffered some physical injury or had an accident at any

time in the past 35 years as a result of listening to songs recorded by Merseyside pop stars of the 60's, no matter how tenuous their case may appear. I offer initial consultations free of charge.

A. CHASER (SNR.)  
Chaser, Goldigger & Shark  
104 Broad Street, Leeds

Letterbocks

continues...

## Free Viz calendars!

The VIZ 1996 'Olde Worlde' concept calendar was a phenomenal success selling out in record time!

However due to heavy snowfalls in the far north of Scotland one of our calendar deliveries was unable to reach the shops in time and has been returned to our warehouse. (We apologise to Viz fans in Kinbrace, Sutherland for the lack of calendars in your post office this Christmas.) However we can now offer this strictly



limited number of unsold calendars FREE to new Viz subscribers! Order your copies of Viz direct from us by post, and not only will you save erm...nothing at all, but you'll also receive a fabulous calendar absolutely free!

See page 11 for details...



Continued...

☐ I THINK that Kenneth Clarke deserves a pat on the back. In a day when politicians are clamouring to have affairs with dolly birds and M.P.s are often judged on the looks of their wives, it's nice to see that the Chancellor of the Exchequer thinks enough of his dear old mum to take her along to his budget day speech.

**J. DOUGHNUT**  
Wrigleyspearmint, Gum

☐ HATS off to Mr Clarke and his smoker's charter! In the last budget the Chancellor stuck 15p on a packet of twenty fags. But a packet of ten didn't go up by 71/2p did it? No, it went up by 8p. So, if you double the amount you smoke - and buy twenties not tens - you'll actually save money in the long run.

**S.M. PIE**  
Bodmin

## Class actor

☐ IN the last issue you asked about school teachers who became third rate actors. In the late sixties I was a pupil at Kenton School in Newcastle and my art teacher, who wore particularly ridiculous flared trousers, was a Mr Garbett. He went on to greater things, playing the part of a thick old man in a wheelchair in TV's 'When The Boat Comes In'.

**CHRIS SNOWDON**  
South Shields

**£10** NONE of my teachers have become actors, but one of my classmates has. Simon Rouse, who is now a detective in The Bill. And I can



proudly say that I 'nuttet' him while we were at school together.

**DEREK "PYCHO" FORDHAM**  
Blackpool

\* Have any other readers assaulted a famous actor at school before they became famous? Or even better, did you assault a teacher who then became an actor? Keep those letters flooding in. There's a Terry's Chocolate Orange for every letter we print.

☐ I WAS disappointed to only receive a pen and a comic after my letter appeared in Letterbooks recently. I had already bought the comic, and the pen appeared to run out of ink after only two days. I thought you paid £5 for every letter published, and sometimes £10, but I have received neither.

**M.H. APPLEBY**  
HMP Durham

\* Sorry about the confusion Mr Appleby. The situation is that we sometimes pay £5 or indeed £10, and on occasions even £50 for letters, 'sometimes' being the key word. But thanks for writing. A pen and a comic are on their way to you.

## Just one more...

☐ I HAVE often wondered why multi storey car parks smell of piss. I recently found out. After drinking heavily all day on New Year's Eve I staggered back to the car park where I thought I had left my car. After several minutes spent fruitlessly searching for the vehicle I became dizzy and decided to sit down for a rest in the stair well. The next thing I knew it was three o'clock in the afternoon on New Year's Day and I awoke sitting in a puddle of my own urine. Funnily enough when I eventually returned home my wife reminded me that our car had been in the garage since I crashed it into a lamp post on Christmas Eve.

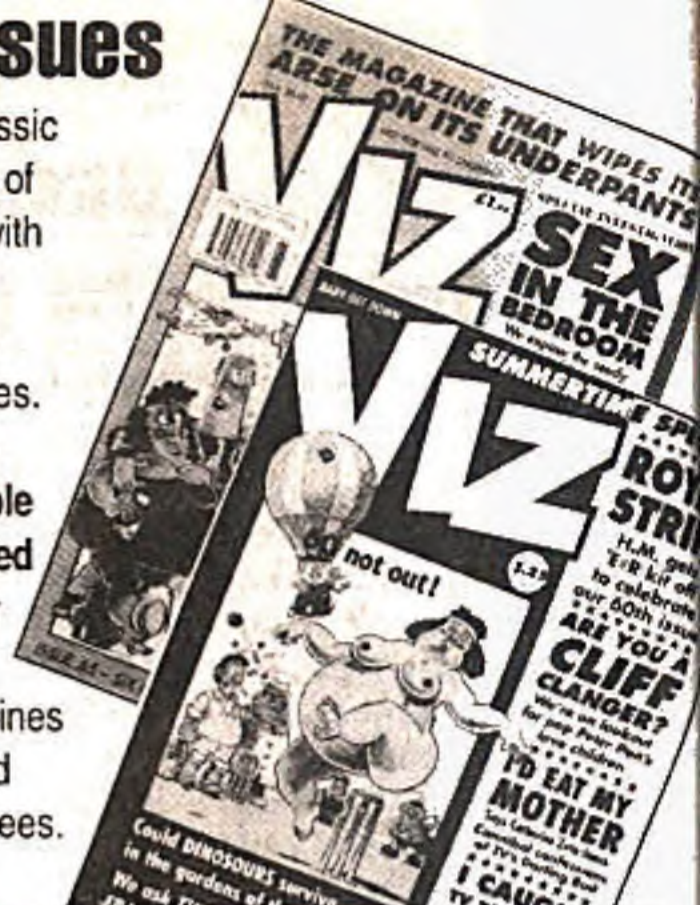
**D. FIR**  
Hull

Your letter could be  
**HERE!**

Write today and we  
might pay!

## Back issues

Re-live those classic golden memories of Vizzes gone by with these genuine authentic vintage unsold back issues. Please note that these are available for a strictly limited period only after which any remaining magazines will be pulped and made back into trees.



## BACK ISSUE ORDER FORM

All back issues are priced £1.40, despite the fact that most of them were originally less than that. If you think that's a bit steep, you should have bought them when they first came out, shouldn't you. Please circle the issues you require:

39 40 53 56 57 59 60 61 62  
63 64 65 66 70 72 73 74 75

As well as a quid frigging forty per comic you'll also have to cough up for postage. Add ten bob if you're ordering 1 comic, £1 if you're ordering 2,3,4 or 5 comics, and £1.50 if you're ordering 6 or more. If you think that's steep, wait till you read the next bit.

Overseas orders: After you've added the postage, add 20% of the total (or your shoe size in pounds, whichever is the greater) and pay in STERLING with a cheque drawn on a UK bank.

Tick, delete, use block capitals etc. etc. etc.

☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order payable to John Brown Publishing Ltd., or:

☐ I'm with the bank of Never Never Land. Please debit my plastic.

Card No.

Expiry Date (the card, not you) Card Type

Your name and address

Post Code

Post this order form to: Viz Orders, 20 Paul Street, Frome, Somerset BA11 1DX. For telephone credit card orders and enquiries call (01373) 451 777. (Make a note of the number before you cut out the form). Please allow up to 28 days for delivery.

VBI 76

# The SIMON SALAD-CREAM Story

Part Eight  
A NEW  
ARRIVAL AT  
RADIO 1





# TOP TIPS

Send you Top Tips to our Letterbooks address. For each one we publish we'll give you a Top Tips pen, plus £5 cash for you to spend on party hats and balloons.

## Make a date with sexy Sally the Viz subs girl!



Hi! Sally here, the young former convent girl who posts out Viz to our regular subscribers. I got some lovely silk underwear for Christmas... and guess what? I'm wearing it right now! And nothing else. Oooh. It feels nice. And it looks nice too. I'm looking at myself in the mirror... and getting all excited just like that bird in Lady Chatterley's Lover. Anyway, I've got a little surprise for you. While stocks last I'm giving away a FREE 1996 Viz Calendar to all new subscribers. The next 6 issues (a years supply) cost just £8.40 (£12.50 Overseas). Or 12 issues (2 years) cost only £16.80 (£24.80 overseas). And I'm so desperate to have you on my little list I'll throw in the calendar, worth £4.99. Gosh, I'm so lonely here in my bedroom in my silk underwear. Please drop me a line today. Simply complete the form below and enclose a cheque or postal order (if applicable) for the correct amount. I'd LOVE to hear from you, although I regret that individual correspondence cannot be entered into.

Please rite soon. Sally xxx

You can order a subscription as a gift for someone else by using both sections of the form below. If you'd like to receive more than one copy, each extra copy (sent to the same address) costs £6 per year (UK) or £7 (overseas).

Dear Sally  
Please send me a subscription starting issue..... to be sent to:

Name.....

Address.....

Post code.....

(If you do not know your address, ask your postman).

If you are ordering a subscription for someone else fill in their name above, and your own details below. If the subscription is for yourself, just fill in your name and address above, and leave the next bit blank.

My name .....

Address.....

Post code.....

(If you do not know your name, ask your parents or next of kin)

Sally was wondering how you will be paying. Tick one box only:

☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order for £.....crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

☐ Please debit my Access/ Visa/ Mastercard/Eurocard/American Express/Diners Club/ Connect Card/

Card No. ....

Expiry date ...../...../.....

Send this completed form (together with your cheque/PO if applicable) to Sally, Viz Subs, FREEPOST (SW6096), Frome, Somerset, BA11 1YA. The postage is on us, if posted in the UK.

Credit card orders can be made on our telephone hotline (01373) 451 777. (We regret this facility is not available to people whose phone number is divisible by twelve).

## Baaaaah. I'm Sheila



Hi. I'm the little woolly sheep in charge of Australian subs. I'm giving away free 1996 Calendars too, although whether they'll work God only knows cos you have Christmas in summer etc. Anyway, a years sub (6 issues) costs \$21, or two years (12 issues) is \$42. Free calendar to all new subscribers while stocks last. Write to Sheila the sheep, 5 Eureka Court, 9 Palm Ave, Bribie Island, QLD 4507, Australia. Cheques payable to 'Fortean Times'.

☐ Please tick here if you would prefer not to receive a tidal wave of unsolicited shite through your letter box throughout the course of the next 25 years.

## A WORD FROM YOUR LOCAL NEWSAGENT

Hi. Me again. Last week some bastard talked me into buying one of those stupid electric notice boards for my window. It's costing me £300 a month to hire for the next 99 years and so far I've only got one notice - a missing cat, which made me 25p. I've tried to get a Lottery machine but they won't give me one. I'm sinking fast. My wife's having to deliver the papers now to save money. Please buy your Viz from me. We do some lovely sandwiches by the way. Oh fuck.. they're out of date already...

Q404

**MOTORISTS.** When asking directions from a woman always look for one with small tits as they've usually got more brains. God seldom gives them both.

G. Kiss  
Crawley

**GERMAN sex perverts.** Rig up a four foot length of garden hose with a shower head on the end, drink ten pints of lager then attach the other end to your knob. Hey presto! Your own personalised golden shower!

A. Bain  
Manchester

**A STIFF toothbrush** makes an ideal comb for trendy sideburns.

Spencer D. Group  
Irby, Wirral

**NEXT time you have a large family gathering** such as a wedding or birthday party don't invite Angela Lansbury. If she does turn up, call the police, an ambulance and the coroner immediately.

S. Hammer  
Bromsgrove

**VIZ subscribers.** Subs due for renewal? Don't fill in the form that arrives in the post. Subscribe again using the form in the comic, and get a free 1996 Calendar or back issue.

D. Falkingham  
Pensitone, Sheffield

**PROBLEMS** storing your CDs? Hang cotton threads from the ceiling and close your CD cases around them to produce your very own walk-through CD library. It also doubles as an interesting mobile for young children.

Greig Harper  
Peterlee, Co. Durham

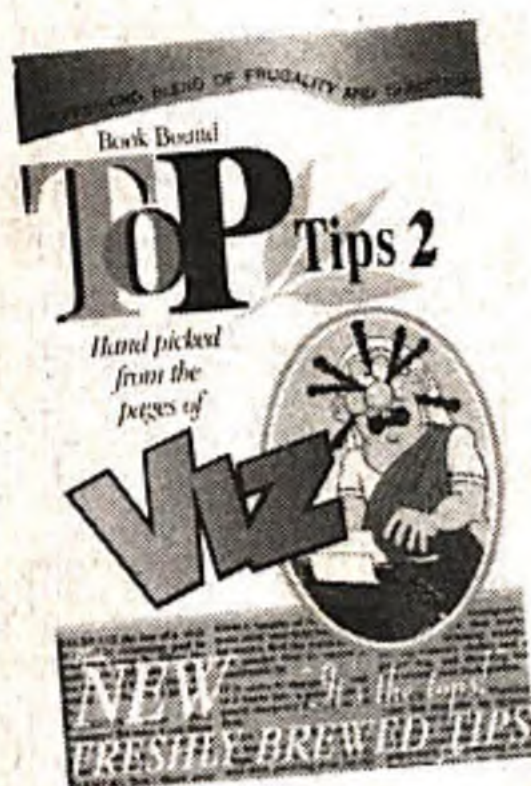
**SAVE** hot water by going to bed at 6.00am, with a hot water bottle. Get up an hour later and the water in the bottle will still be hot enough for a wet shave.

Mike Haworth  
Crumpsall, Manchester

**CAREER women.** Save time getting ready for work in the mornings by putting on five pairs of knickers on Monday. Then each morning simply whip off the top pair and hey presto! There's a clean pair underneath.

S. Stain  
London

**P.S.** Come Friday drop a toilet freshener down your pants to reduce the smell of halibut.



### New TOP TIPS 2

containing less tips  
than the original Top Tips  
(and not as funny either)

is on sale now  
for just £3.99!

**A BICYCLE pump** used backwards makes a handy makeshift vacuum cleaner.

T. Elm  
Hornchurch, Essex

**COLLECT** your farts in sandwich bags during the winter. Store them in a safe place, and come the summer these handy "Pump packets" will make ideal firelighters for barbecues, etc.

Andy Rogers  
Fenham

**MAKE** your arse into an 'Anus fly trap' by wedging it open with a matchstick attached to a length of string. When a fly lands on your chocolate starfish yank the string and SNAP! Got the bastard.

Sid  
Macclesfield

**MANCHESTER United directors.** Why spend millions on a new three tier stand at Old Trafford? Why not relocate, and build a brand new stadium somewhere near London to reward your loyal, lifelong supporters with a shorter journey home after matches.

Wayne Parker  
Walsall

**A BALL** of Edam cheese with the centre carefully removed makes an ideal crash helmet for mountain bikers.

J. Ouster  
Port Erin, Isle of Man

**PREVENT** your ears from being bitten off in the pub by Sellotaping them flat to the side of your head.

P. Ash  
Kent

**MANCHESTER United supporters.** Order your Newcastle United shirts now as it looks like they'll probably win the league this season.

Wayne Parker  
Walsall

**CARAVAN owners** planning to use the A5 between Betwys-y-Coad and Llangollen on the first day of the Easter bank holiday (5th April), please stay at home. I'm visiting my girlfriend that day and I really can't afford to be seven hours late.

P. Bandwagon  
Clwyd

**STAR Trek captains.** When your ship is in imminent danger of being destroyed, save a great deal of hassle by thinking of the last thing you could possibly try, which might just work, and do that first.

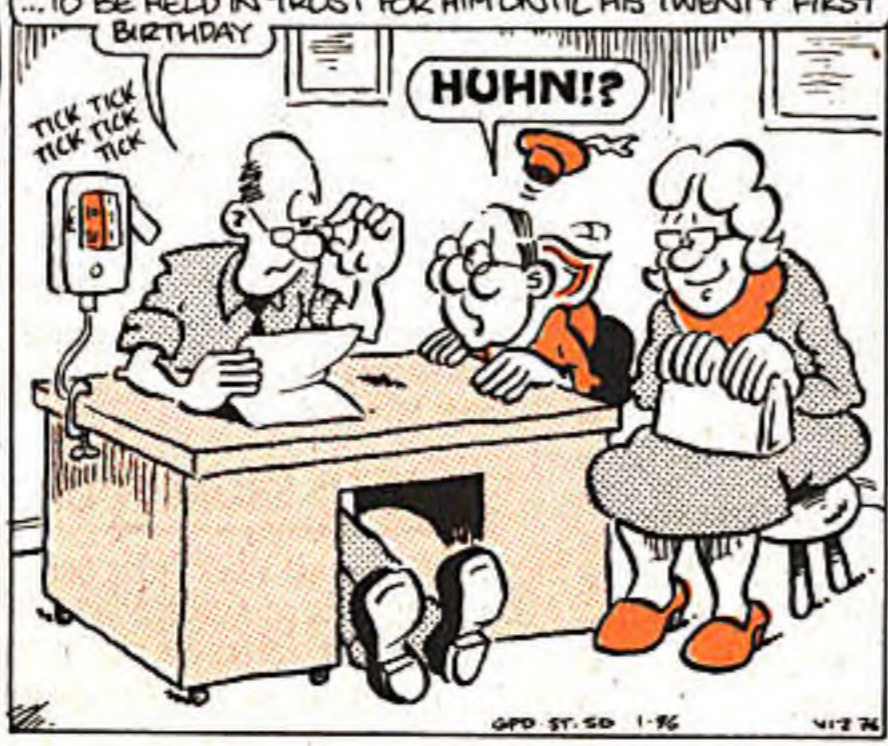
J. L. Pickard  
Space

**LEFT** over Christmas tree 'needle drop' spray can be used on pets to prevent them dropping hairs on the carpet.

P. Cherry  
Avon



# Spoilt Bastard





Love grows when a fairytale dream comes true in...

# I've Bean to

# Paradise...

Fancy going to the flicks tonight Peter? There's a Tom Cruise film on.

Piss off. There's a dirty movie on later. I'm watching that.

AFTER TWO YEARS PETER PILKINGTON'S RELATIONSHIP WITH GIRLFRIEND DEBBIE TUCKER WAS BEGINNING TO LOSE ITS SPARKLE.

Oh, but Peter. You know I like Tom Cruise

Why don't you fuck off and live with him then, and give me some peace and quiet?

DEBBIE LEFT, LEAVING PETER TO READ HIS NEWSPAPER ALONE.

Tom Cruise indeed. If I looked half as good as Tom Cruise I wouldn't be shackled up with a tug boat like Debbie.

I'd be going out with a gorgeous bird like that. Phooooarr!!

LATER...

Perhaps a new haircut would help. It's got to be worth a try.

And what can I do for you sir?

I want to change my image. Look like a film star, you know?

Something a bit sexy, so I can pull the birds. A Tom Cruise look. Or that Kiver Sunderland bloke.

Well...we haven't got a lot to play with have we. I think Tom Cruise would be pushing it, but I'm sure I can come up with something for you.

I don't care mate, as long as I look like a movie star. Something smart, so all the birds will fancy me.

PRESENTLY...

SNIP! SNIP!  
COMB! SNIP!  
SNIP! SNIP!  
COMB!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

There now... finished... I'll get a mirror and you can tell me what you think.





Well sir. What do you think?

Fuck me!!! I don't believe it!



Why, it's uncanny! With this haircut I'm a dead ringer for that hunky heart throb actor Sean Bean!



That'll be £1.50 sir. And would you like anything for the weekend?

Yes. I think I will actually.

With this new Sean Bean haircut I'll have to beat the birds off with a shitty stick.



OUTSIDE THE DOOR...

Excuse me! Don't I know you from somewhere?

Of course! You're that hunky heart throb actor Sean Bean! I saw you topless on page 8 of The Sun newspaper



Here's my address. My husband is away on business.

Come round in half an hour. I'll be waiting



Get in there!! I've scored already, thanks to my new haircut.



THIRTY MINUTES LATER...

Phooar, nice house! She must be a top notch bit of tottie. I bet she's gagging for it!

Heh heh heh! Time to fill my boots



Well HELLO there. I'm SO glad you could come!

I hope I'm not too early.

Oh, don't worry about that. Just relax. You're right on cue.



Tell me. I was most impressed with you as the gardener in Lady Chatterley's Lover. A very **PHYSICAL** role. Could you **PERFORM** like that for me?

I could get stuck in straight away if you like love.

Marvellous! My husband has been away for over a month and I'm getting desperate.





I'm afraid the garden has gone completely wild.

Here, grab hold of these and I'll show you where to start.



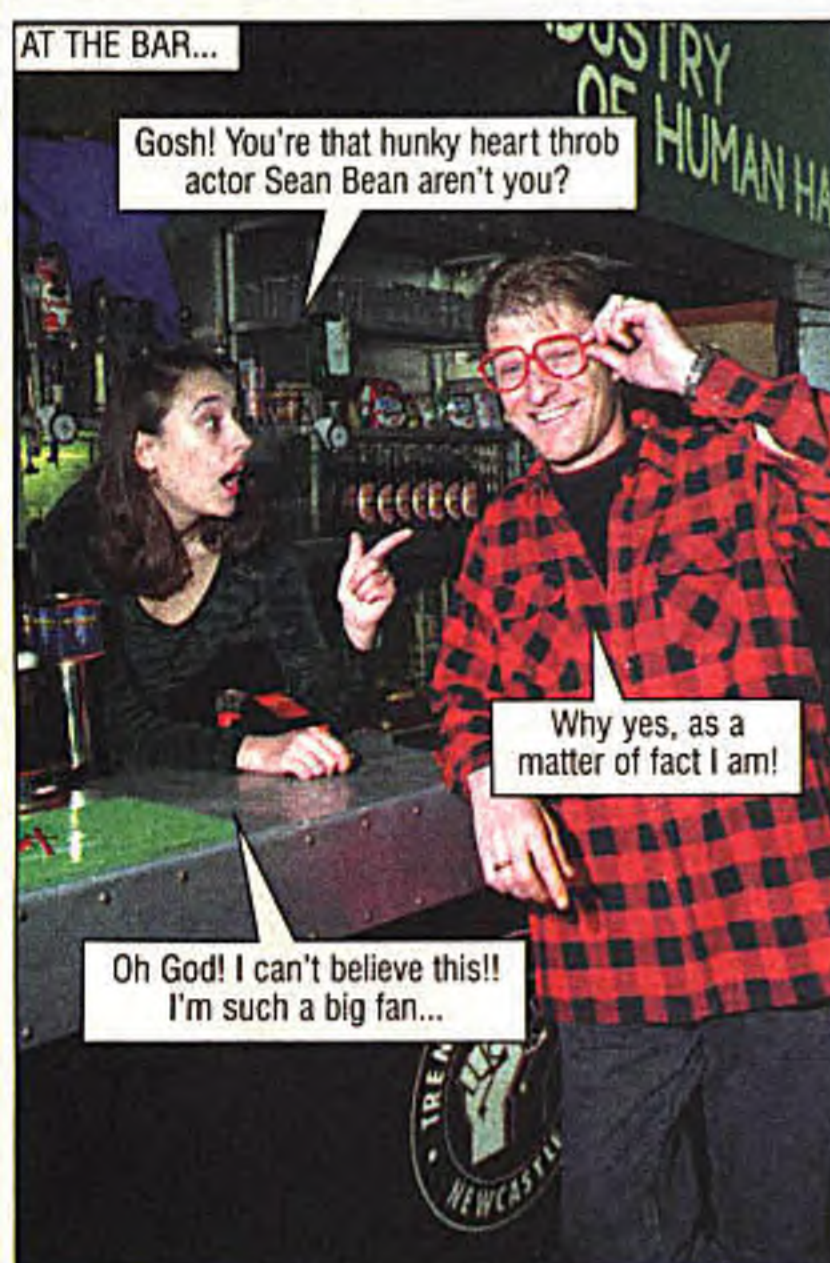
I know it's small compared to Lady Chatterley's, but it's got a lot of potential.

I thought you could start by tidying it up a bit... then I'd like you to weed the flower beds and build a rockery over there.



LATER...

Fuckin'ell!! It took me two days to do that garden and I never even got a cuppa, never mind a shag. I could murder a pint



AT THE BAR...

Gosh! You're that hunky heart throb actor Sean Bean aren't you?

Why yes, as a matter of fact I am!

Oh God! I can't believe this!! I'm such a big fan...



...of football. I just love talking about football. You're in the new film about football aren't you? It's great to meet a fellow fan. Sheffield United man, yeah?

Oh gawd!

Good old Blades! Great result against Arsenal. Pity about the league form. What do you think of Howard Kendall? Has he made a difference? Totally different style to Bassett of course. Likes his football does Kendall. Keeps it on the deck eh?



Now... I was never too sure about Tony Currie. Hell of a player in his day... bit like Le Tissier really. But one swallow doesn't win any silverware, Sean. Football's a funny old game...

It's about commitment. You want players who are going to give 110% for the full ninety minutes, 'cos at the end of the day it's players that wins games, not goals. Of course goals help. All the best teams score goals...



EVENTUALLY...

Jesus, what a bore! I can't believe that - it took me two hours to get served!

Excuse me!



Sorry, to interrupt you but...

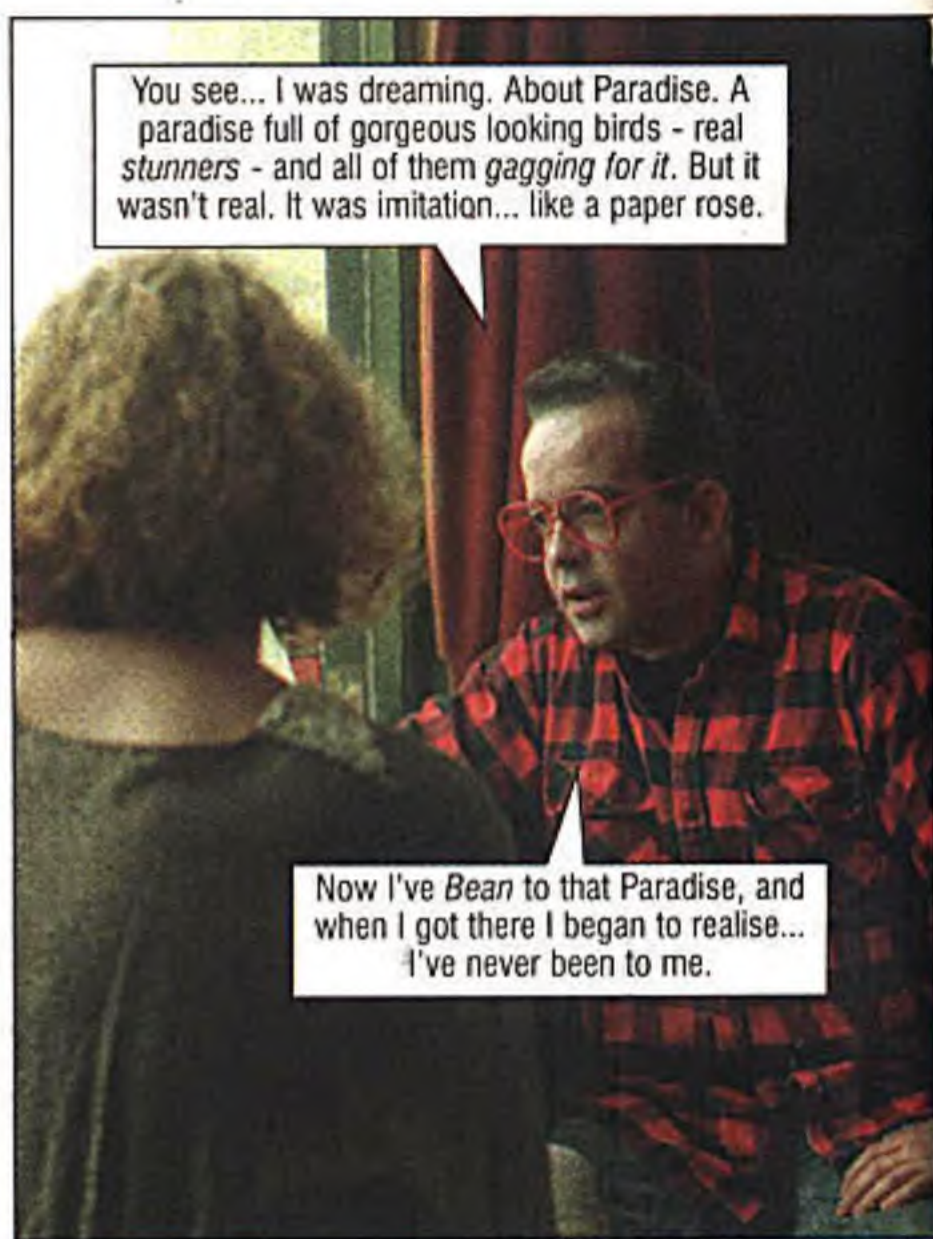
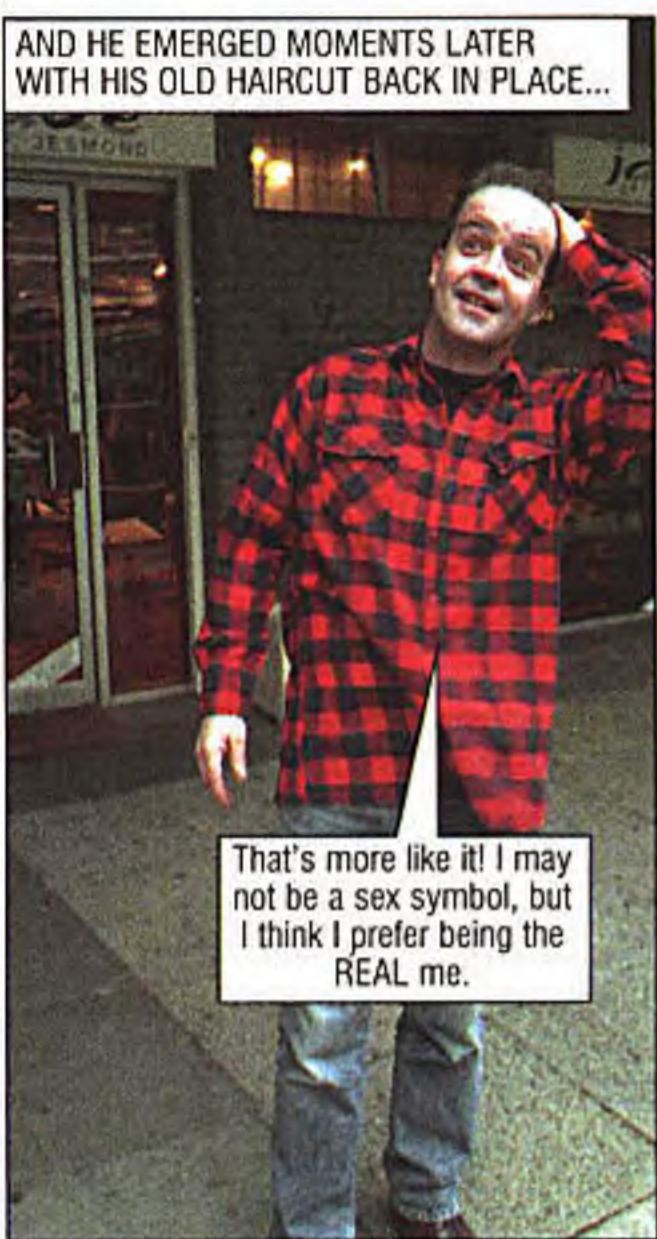
... my mate over there reckons you're that hunky, heart throb actor out of the new James Bond movie. Are you?



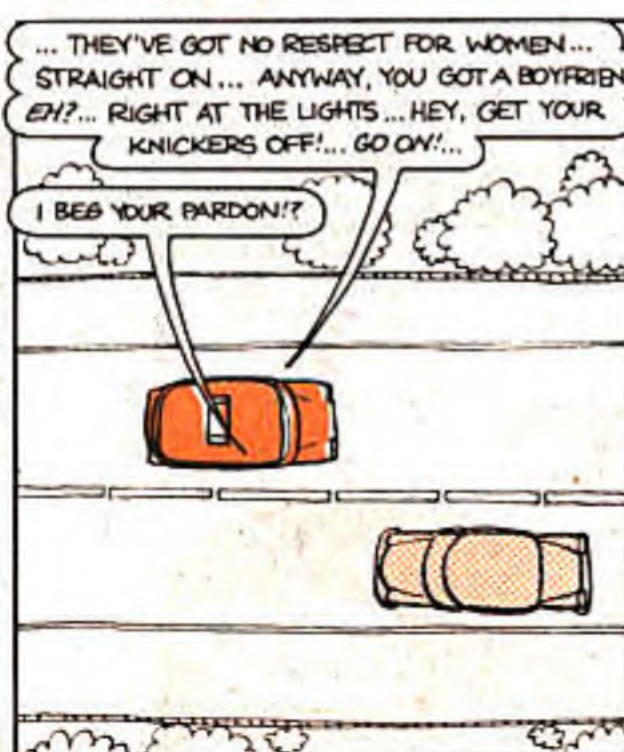
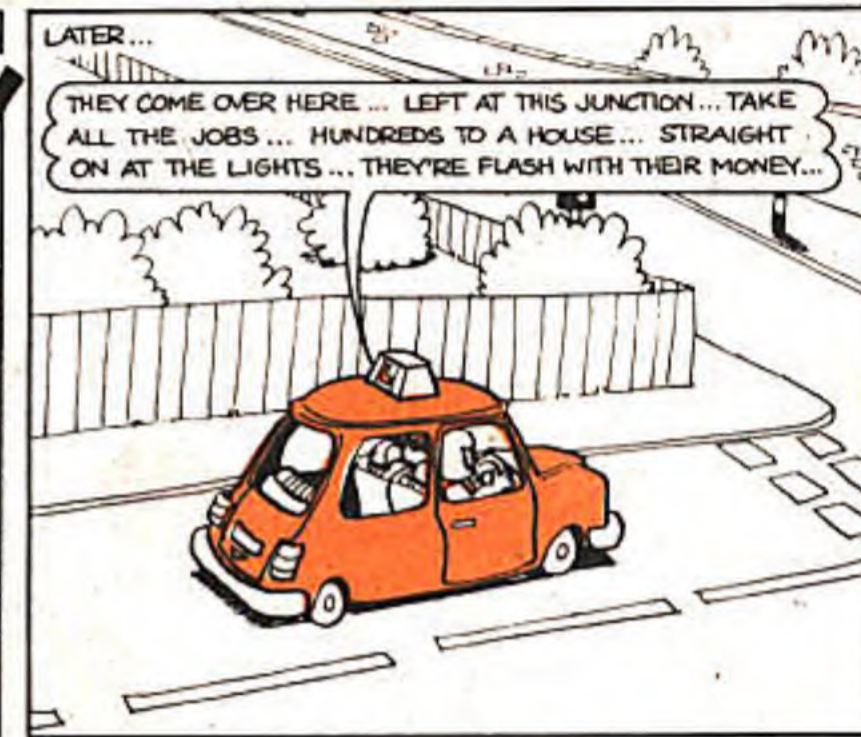
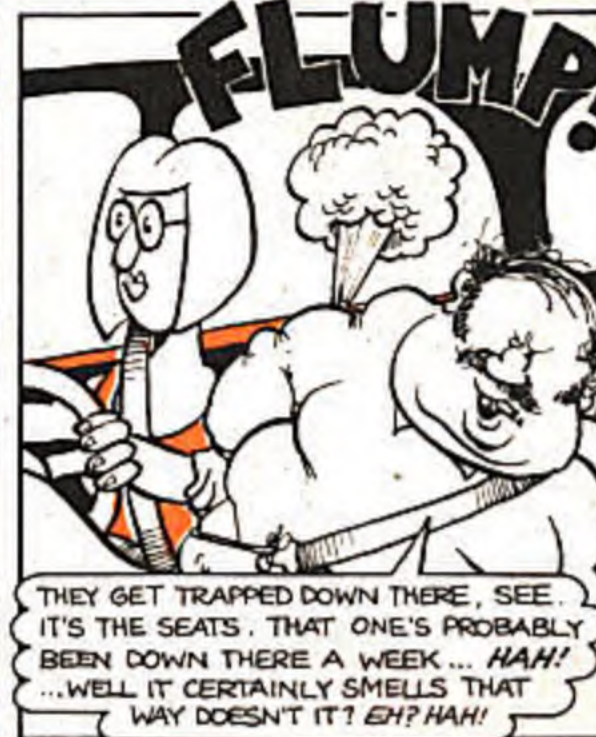
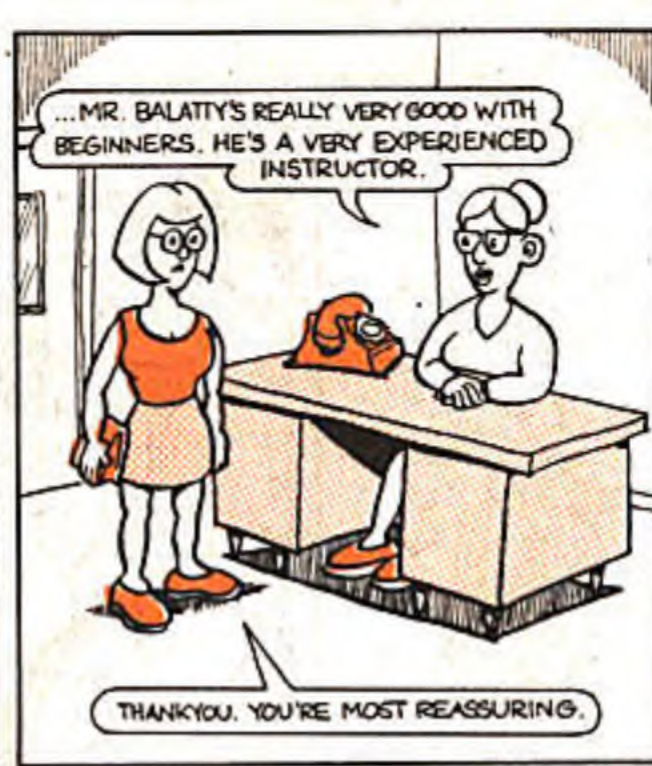
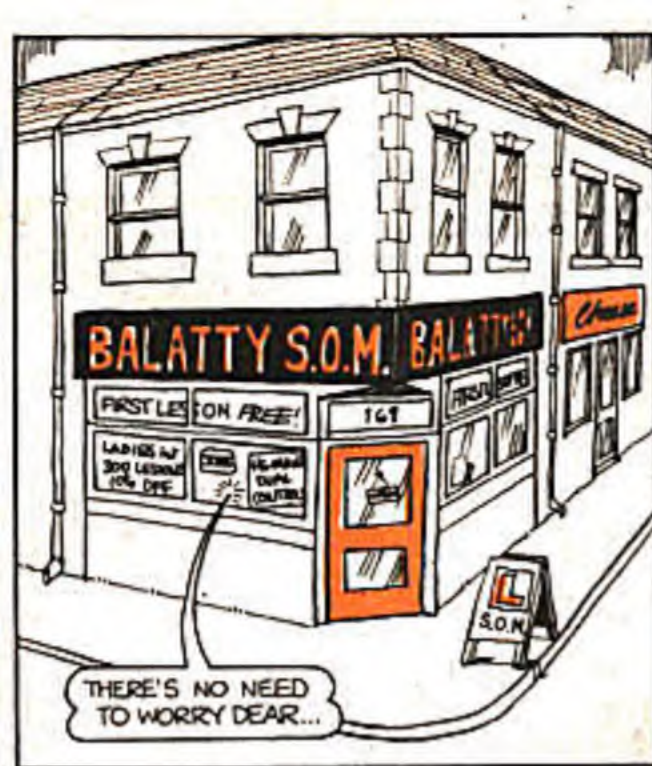
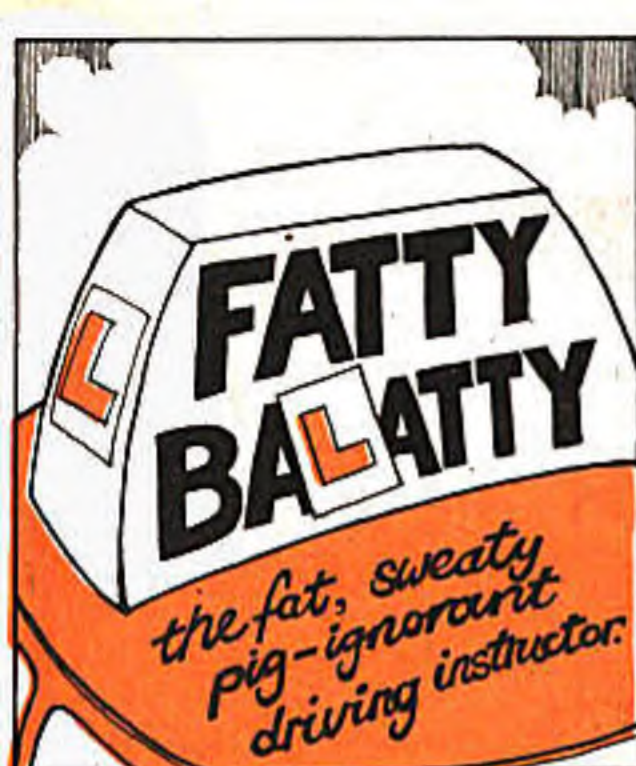
Bean's the name. Sean Bean. Secret Agent 006 at your service.

Perhaps you and your friend would like to join me for a drink? Martini of course - shaken not stirred!

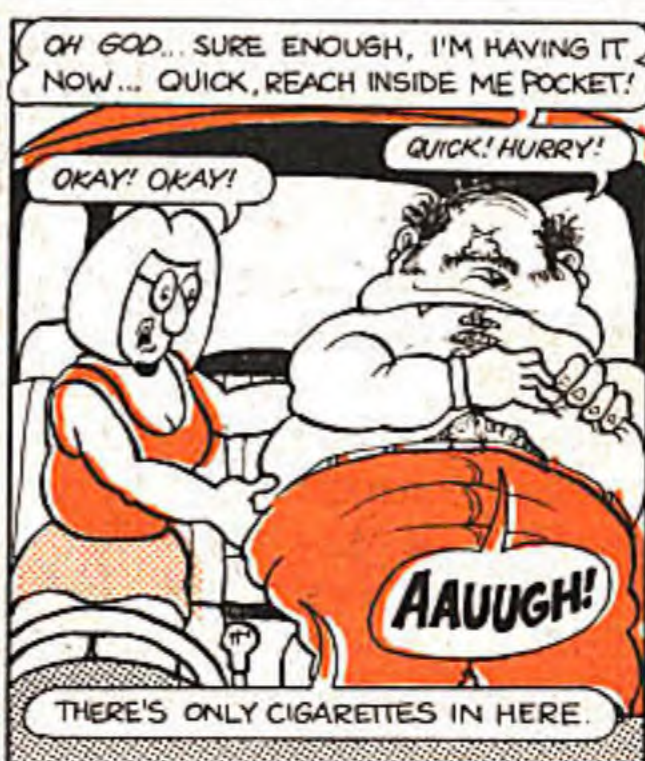
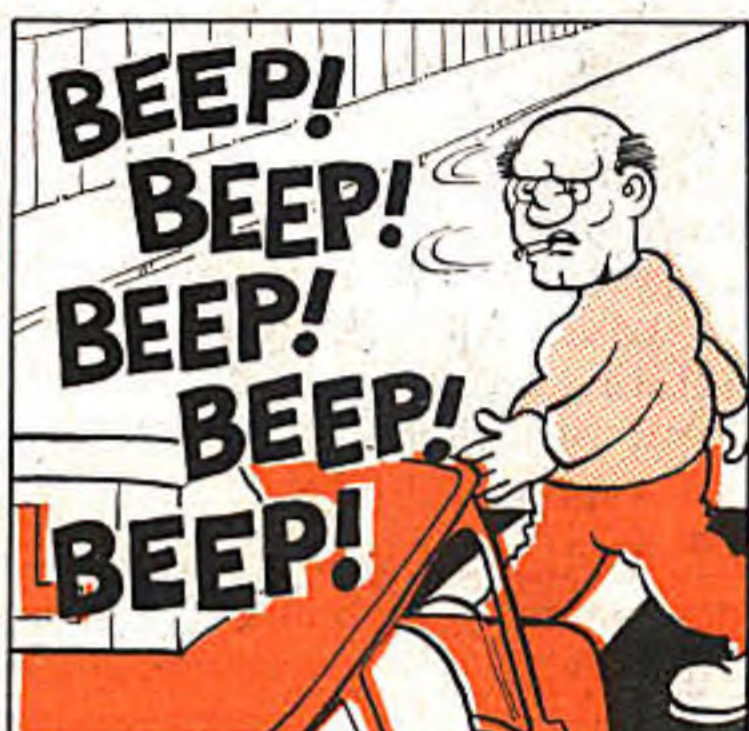
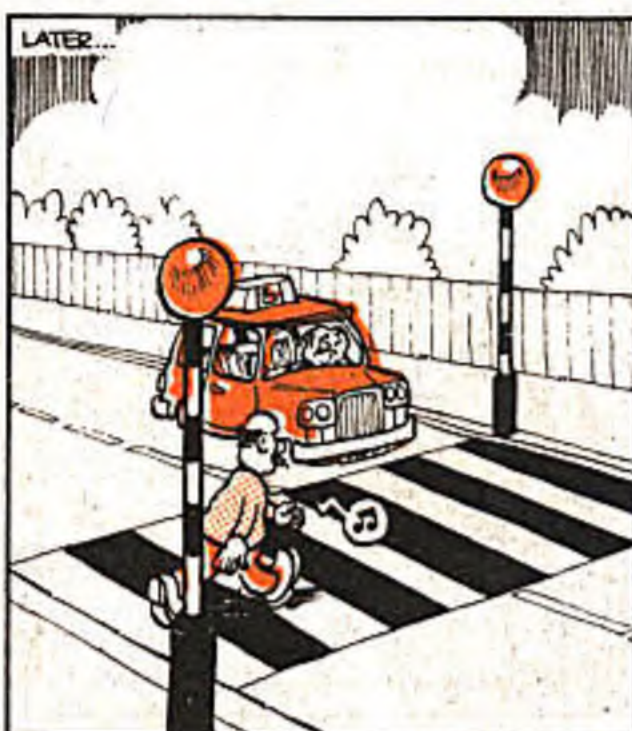
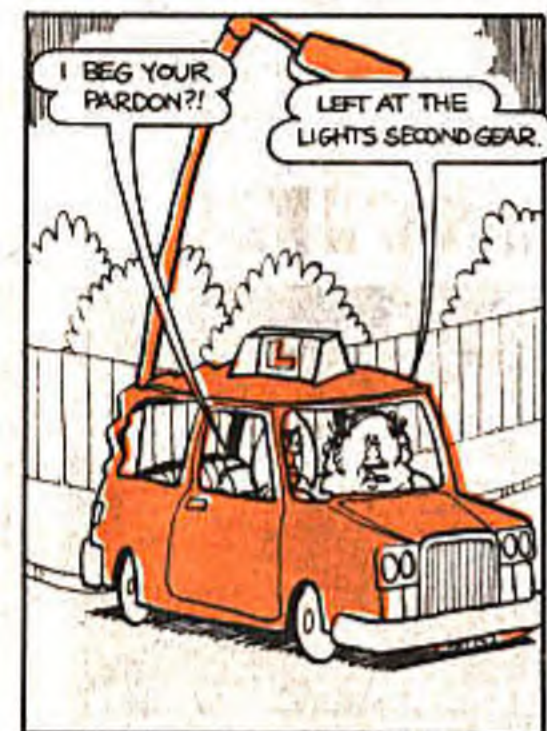














# The MAN in the PUB

Britain's most  
ill-informed columnist.



## Guess who's got AIDS

☐ GUESS who's got AIDS. Go on then, 'ave a guess. Alright, I'll tell ya. *Prince Andrew*, that's who. Yeah! It's true. This posh bloke told a mate of mine. God's honest truth. They're coverin' it up. Gonna say it was a kidney infection when he pegs it. Or leukemia. Just you wait an' see.



☐ YOU KNOW that Patsy Kensit's ditched her fella, don'tcha. That bloke out of Simple Minds. But do you know why? *It's great this is*. Mate o'mine in the music business told me. Guess what? **He wears a nappy!** Yeah, great big nappy. That's why he keeps loosin' his birds. It's true. Can't control the old waterworks, apparently. Mind you, that Patsy Kensit, eh? *Phooaaar!* *I would*, I can tell ya. *Cor!* Not 'alf.

## Same size heads

● Did you know that your head never grows? Ever. Stays exactly the same size all through your life. Think about it. You look at any baby's head, right. Exactly the same size as yours or mine.

☐ THIS mate o'mine's got a garage, right. Guess who comes in the other day tryin' to sell him knocked off car radios. Only *Gazza*, the footballer. Yeah! What a bloody nerve. *Fifty grand a week* he gets for kickin' a ball about, and he still goes out nicking car radios.

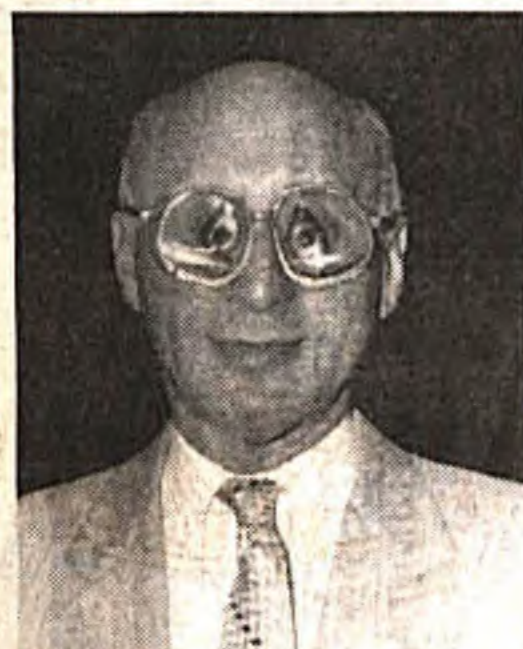


## Dungeon under house

☐ I'll tell you what. You know that little baldy Labour bloke, Gerald Kauffman, the MP? He's got a *dungeon* under his house, he has. *Yeah!* A fuckin' dungeon. They reckon he tortures people in it, an' then he kills 'em.

Probably eats 'em an' all. Wouldn't surprise me. Mate o'mine's into bondage an' all that. Says that's *definite*.

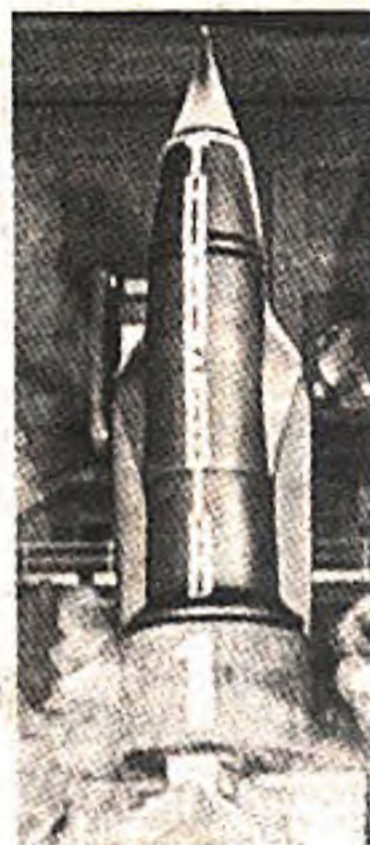
☐ Amanda Donoghue, right? Actress? Fridge full o'spunk. No, straight up! She keeps it all in them little plastic film canisters. Got a fridge full of the bleedin' stuff. God knows what she does with it though. Bloody screw loose there if you ask me, mate.



That bloke Kauffman

## Apollo nonsense was bollocks

YOU KNOW all that Apollo rocket nonsense? Bollocks that was. They made it all up. Never went to the Moon. Filmed it in a studio somewhere in America. In the desert it was. It's all shot in slow motion. Apparently, the bit where they land, if you look close enough you can see a telegraph pole in the background. Clear as day. Mind, I shouldn't really be tellin' you this. They shot the cameraman afterwards. Made it look like an accident. Knew too much, y'see.



One of them space rockets

## Pigs CAN'T swim



☐ YOU EVER seen a pig swim, eh? Think about it. No mate, you 'aven't. Know why? They *can* swim, right, but they *can't*, you see. Cos if they *did* swim they'd cut their throats. Straight up! It's the shape o'their trotters. If they swam they'd cut themselves to ribbons an' bleed to death. *And you know what?* An English pig can't shag an Australian pig. Impossible. Cos their cocks and their fannies, right, go round and round y'see. Twirly, like. And pigs from the *north* of the world, their's go round one way, and pigs from the *south* go round the other way. Like *clockwork* an' *anti-clockwork*, you know. It's true that. You ask a farmer.

## This bird had no knickers on

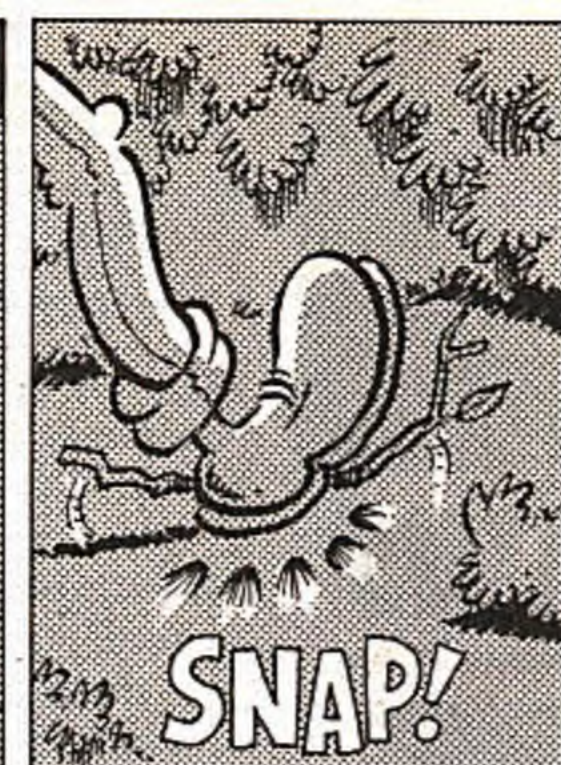
■ I was in 'ere the other night, right, an' this bird walks in... *fuck me!* She was *gorgeous!* An' I'll tell you what. She had no knickers on. You could tell by the way she was standin'. Givin' me the eye all night she was. *Phooarr!* Anyway, whose round is it?



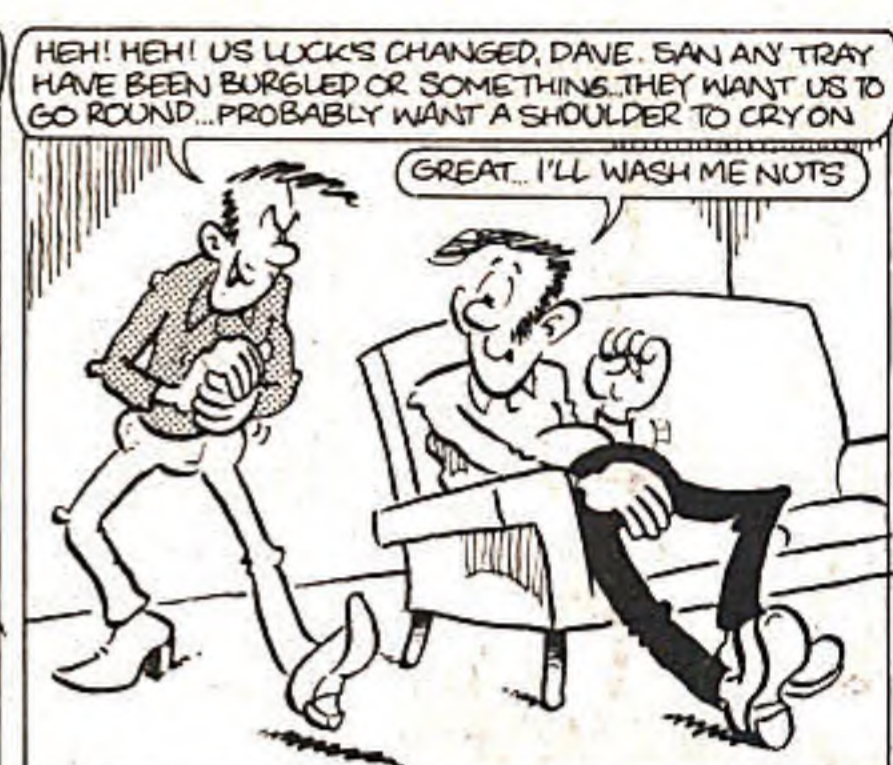
DADDY, CAN I GO  
AND PLAY ON THE  
BEECH?



# OH, LORDY.....IT'S THE FAT SLAGS









# ROGER IRRELEVANT

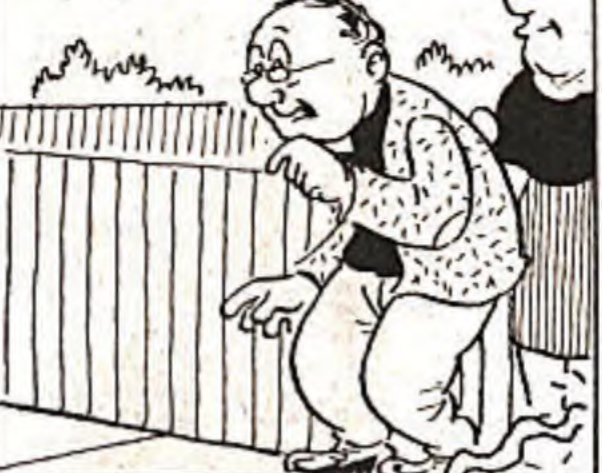


WE'D BE GLAD TO HELP OUT WITH YOUR CHARITY FUND-RAISING FASHION SHOW, VICAR. AT LEAST IT'S A VARIATION ON THE USUAL VICARAGE FETE THEME



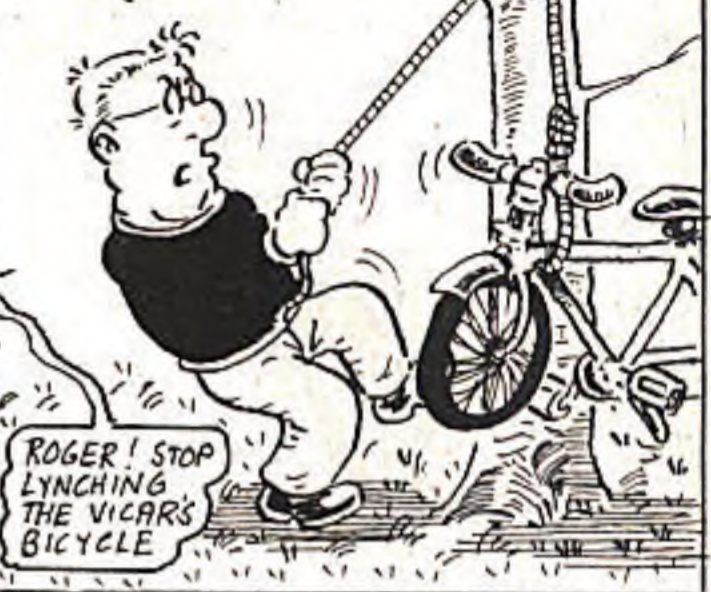
SPLENDID, MRS IRRELEVANT. IT'S TAKING PLACE TODAY IN SLOCOMBE'S DEPARTMENT STORE, AND ALL PROCEEDS GO TOWARDS A NEW CHURCH ROOF OR A SPARE STEEPLE OR SOME SHIT LIKE THAT

THAT'S ODD! I'M SURE I LEFT MY BICYCLE OUT HERE



SAY YORE PRAYERS, BLACK HAND LUKE, YORE A'GOIN' TER MEET YORE MAKER!

RIGHT BOYS, STRING THE VARMIT UP



ROGER! STOP LYNCHING THE VICAR'S BICYCLE

STAY OUTTA THIS, MA'AM. THIS NO-GOOD COYOTE WAS CAUGHT RUSTLING FONDUE FROM OLD HANK'S CHEESE RANCH. WE DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO FONDUE RUSTLERS IN THESE HERE PARTS



THAT'S ENOUGH! NOW, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME TO HELP THE VICAR WITH HIS CHARITY FASHION SHOW



BACKSTAGE  
NOW, ROGER, I'D LIKE YOU TO STAND HERE AND DIRECT EACH OF THE MODELS OUT ONTO THE CATWALK, ONE BY ONE

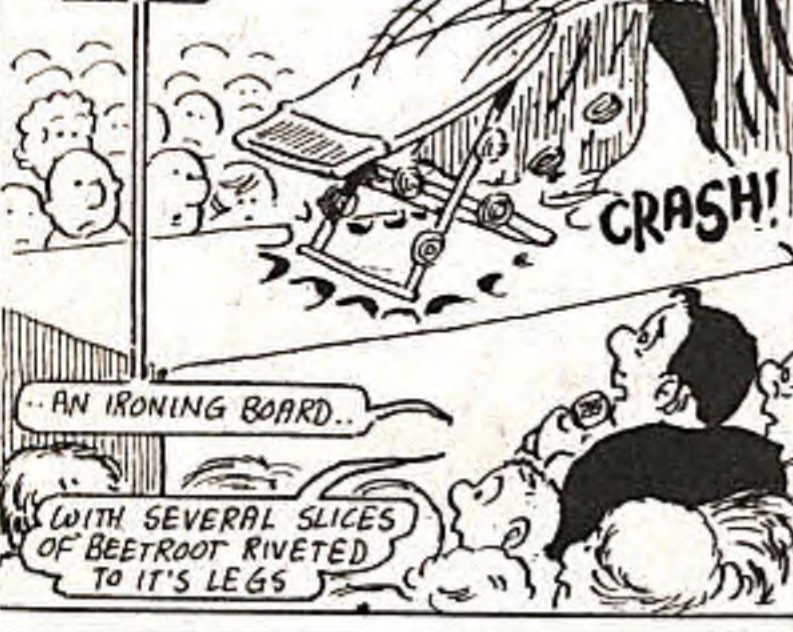


LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WELCOME TO THE FIRST SLOCOMBE'S DEPARTMENT STORE CHARITY FASHION SHOW



LATER ON WE'LL BE RAFFLING TOP SUPERMODEL NAOMI MEATBALL'S FAVOURITE TAPEWORM, BUT RIGHT NOW IT'S ON WITH THE FASHION PARADE. AND WE'VE GOT A HOST OF LOVELY LADIES TO MODEL THE VERY LATEST IN CLOTHES DESIGNS

AND FIRST OUT ONTO THE CATWALK IS.....  
...ERM...



CRASH!

AN IRONING BOARD...

WITH SEVERAL SLICES OF BEETROOT RIVETED TO ITS LEGS

THANKS ROGER, BUT I THINK WE'LL MANAGE THE FASHION SHOW WITHOUT YOUR HELP AFTER ALL



LIBBER LIBBER

WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A WANDER AROUND THE REST OF THE STORE?

MEANWHILE

HAVE YOU FINISHED STACKING THAT RATHER PRECARIOUS PYRAMID DISPLAY OF INCREDIBLY EXPENSIVE CUT-GLASS CRYSTAL GOBLET'S YET?



NEARLY. I'VE JUST GOT ONE MORE TO PUT ON TOP

CUT GLASS



I JUST HOPE THAT NOTHING STARTLING OR UNEXPECTED HAPPENS TO MAKE ME LOSE MY BALANCE AND BRING THE WHOLE DISPLAY CRASHING DOWN, CAUSING THOUSANDS OF POUNDS WORTH OF DAMAGE

YES, IT'S A GOOD JOB WE'RE PUTTING THE DISPLAY UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SAHARA DESERT, WHERE THERE'S LITTLE CHANCE OF ANYTHING STARTLING OR UNEXPECTED OCCURRING



YES, IT'S JUST AS WELL

THERE, DONE IT.

MEANWHILE BACK IN BRITAIN, AT SLOCOMBE'S DEPARTMENT STORE



EXCUSE ME YOUNG MAN

COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO THE HAT DEPARTMENT PLEASE?

YES, I ADMIT IT! I ONCE RUBBED A LIZARD AGAINST MICHAEL BUERK'S TONGUE! BUT SO WHAT? WE WERE YOUNG, RECKLESS AND IN LOVE!



AND NOTHING YOU SAY CAN DIMINISH THE MAGIC OF THAT BRIEF, LIZARD-RUBBING MOMENT THAT HAPPENED SO LONG AGO

ROGER! STOP THAT!



G'VEET

WELL, REALLY!

PARDON ME, BUT I COULDN'T HELP NOTICING THAT YOUR SON SEEMS TO MAKE NO ATTEMPT WHATSOEVER AT NORMAL HUMAN INTERACTION



ALL HIS RESPONSES ARE TOTALLY IRRATIONAL AND DIVORCED FROM REALITY. IT'S AS IF HE OCCUPIES A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT PLANET

YES, I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT



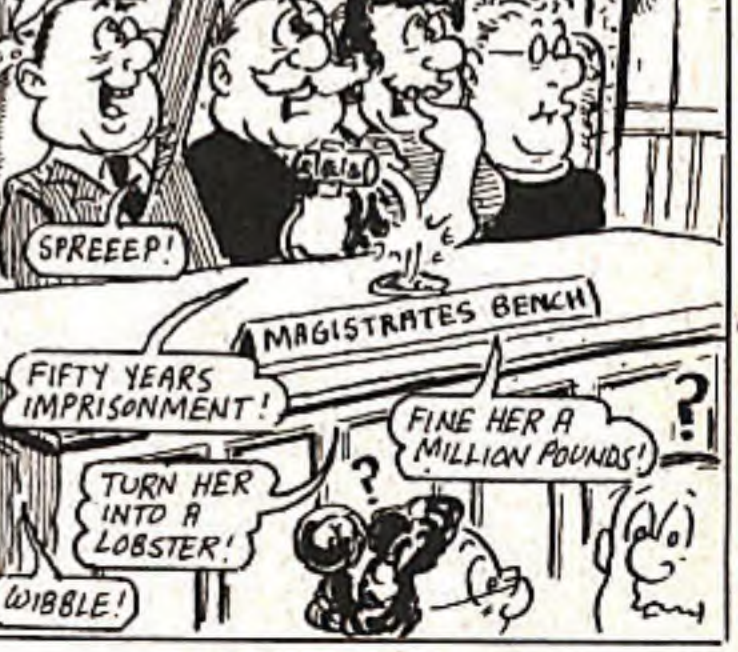
EXCELLENT, I'VE GOT THE IDEAL JOB FOR HIM - HE SHOULD FIT IN PERFECTLY

AT THE LOCAL MAGISTRATES COURT THE NEXT DEFENDANT IS MRS EDITH PEASBODY WHO FAILED TO PAY AN OUTSTANDING COUNCIL TAX CHARGE OF £1.25



SHE IS UNABLE TO PAY THIS BECAUSE HER HOUSE BURNT DOWN AND HER HUSBAND DIED, LEAVING HER A DESTITUTE WIDOW. HAVE THE MAGISTRATES REACHED A DECISION REGARDING THIS CASE?

GUILTY ON ALL COUNTS!



SPREEP!

FIFTY YEARS IMPRISONMENT!

TURN HER INTO A LOBSTER!

WIBBLE!



# Hypochondriac laughs with SHERIDAN POORLY



...I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DESCRIBE IT, REALLY. IT'S SORT OF A DULL, SHOOTING, STABBING PAIN... MORE OF AN ACHIE, REALLY. AND IT GOES FROM ME OXTER, RIGHT DOWN TO ME LISK. AND IT'S WORSE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING WHEN I ABLUTE ON THE LAVATORY. AND IF I DO A FIRM STOOL, ME ANUS THROBS.



'Y'KNOW, PALPITATES, LIKE. I MUST HAVE A RECTAL FISSURE AN' ALL 'COS THERE'S ALWAYS BLOOD ON THE PAPER. I'VE BROUGHT A SAMPLE WITH ME... LOOK AT THAT... **BLACK!** THAT'S INTERNAL BLEEDING ISN'T IT? EITHER THAT OR I'VE GOT A SPASTIC COLON...



...AND I THINK I NEED TO BE CIRCUMCISED, 'COS I'M GETTING WEEPING PUSS FILLED BOILS ON ME GLANS... LIKE DUCK EGGS THEY ARE... AND IT'S NOWT T' DO WITH ME PERSONAL HYGIENE 'COS I'M VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT WASHING UNDER THE BRIDGE. OH... AND I FOUND TWO LUMPS IN ME SCROTUM... ABOUT THE SIZE OF WALNUTS THEY ARE. IT'S GONE TOO FAR F' CHEMO - THERAPY, IF YOU ASK ME.

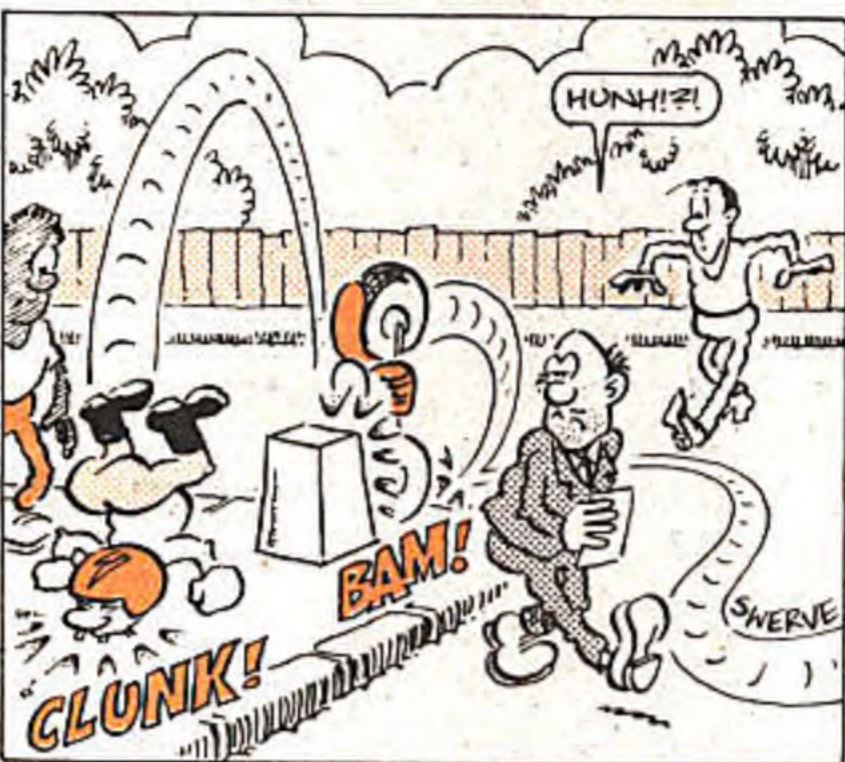


...THIRTY SIX JUMBO GLOSSY. **KWIK PRINT** PHOTO LAB. CHEERS, I MUST DASH... I CAN FEEL ME SCIATICA COMING ON.

SHORTLY... OOH, LOOK AT THAT... ME RASH HAS COME OUT LOVELY. I'LL SEND THAT TO THE LANCET. THEY'LL HAVE TO RE-WRITE THE BOOKS.



THAT'S A NICE ONE OF ME... I LOOK LIKE I'M AT DEATH'S DOOR. THAT WIGGLY VEIN IN ME TEMPLE'S DREADFUL... IF THAT'S NOT A WORM OR A MALIGNANT TUMOUR I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS. I'D BEST GET THE DOCTOR TO GIVE ME AN EIGHTH OPINION.



HUNH!?! **CLUNK!** **BAM!** SWERVE



LEAVE HIM ALONE... HE MAY HAVE BROKE HIS NECK. AYE... I DID THAT ONCE... **DOCTOR**. LET ME THROUGH... I'M A DOCTOR.



HNNING!... HNNING! I CAN'T GET HIS BLOODY HELMET OFF. **RIVE! RIVE!** **DOCTOR**



OH, DEAR... HIS HEART'S STOPPED. 'ERE, DOC. WILL YOU HAVE A QUICK LOOK AT ME GANGLION BEFORE YOU START ON HIM?



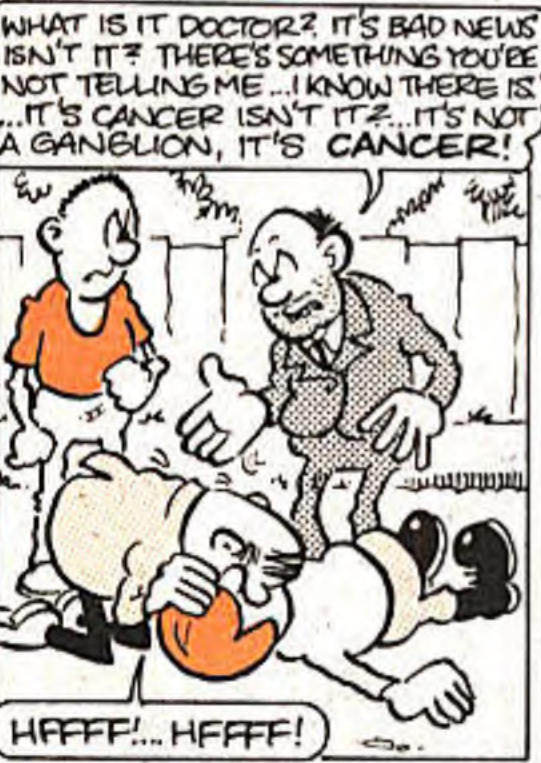
IT KEEPS COMING AN GOING. I RECKON IT'S CALCIFIED. YOU FEEL IT... SOLID AS A ROCK. I'VE HEARD YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HIT EM WITH A BOOK... **PUMP! PUMP! PUMP!**



...ONLY I DON'T WANT T' DO THAT IN CASE IT'S GONE CANCEROUS, 'COS THAT'LL SPREAD IT TO ME LYMPH SYSTEM AN' I'M BUGGERED.



...AND I'M OSTEOPOROTIC. ME HAND WOULD CRUMBLE LIKE CHALK IF I HIT IT. WHAT DO YOU RECKON, EHE? HE'S STOPPED BREATHING. EH, DOC? WHAT DO Y' THINK? OH, SHIT. I THINK HE'S SWALLOWED HIS TONGUE. **DOC... YER NOT LOOKIN' AT ME HAND**



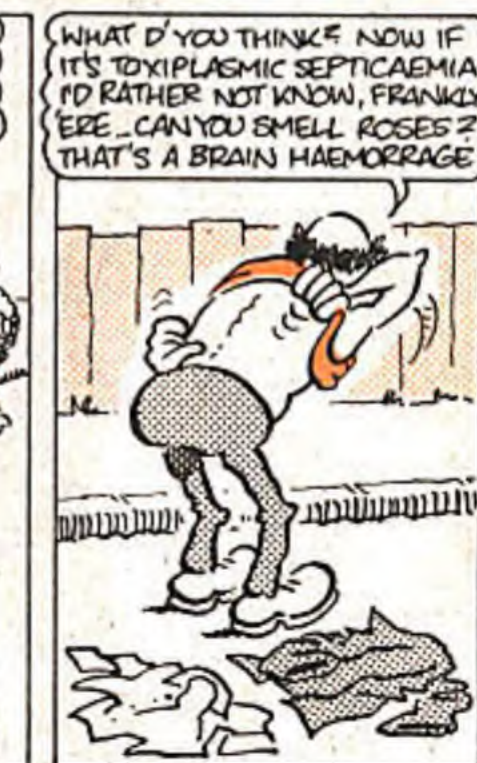
WHAT IS IT DOCTOR? IT'S BAD NEWS ISN'T IT? THERE'S SOMETHING YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME... I KNOW THERE IS... IT'S CANCER ISN'T IT?... IT'S NOT A GANGLION, IT'S CANCER! **HFFFF!... HFFFF!**



OH, DEAR... I'M AFRAID HE'S DEAD. TELL ME IT'S NOT CANCER, DOC. FEEL IT... JUST FEEL IT, PLEASE. **OLD ON...** ...IT'S GONE. **FEEL FEEL FEEL**



NEVER MIND, WHILE YOU'RE HERE YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE A LOOK AT THIS RASH ON ME BACK. I THINK IT'S THE HERALD MARK OF PITORRHOSIS... **MIND YOU... YOU'RE THE EXPERT... YOU TELL ME**



WHAT D'YOU THINK NOW IF IT'S TOXIPLASMIC SEPTICAEMIA I'D RATHER NOT KNOW, FRANKLY 'ERE... CAN YOU SMELL ROSES? THAT'S A BRAIN HAEMORRAGE.



...MIND YOU... YOU'RE THE EXPERT... YOU TELL ME.



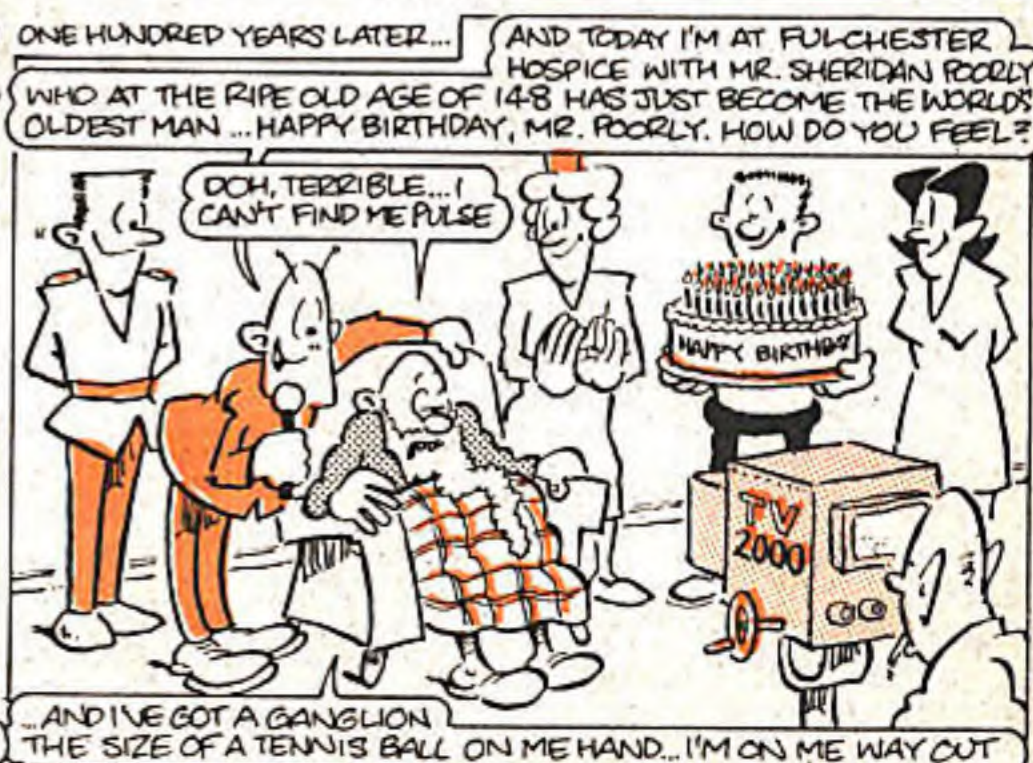
SHORTLY... BLEEDIN' MARVELOUS, ISN'T IT? ME... WITH LESS THAN 24 HOURS TO LIVE AND THEY COULDN'T CARE LESS. WELL SOD 'EM! SOD 'EM ALL. SOD THE NHS.



**HOSPICE**



GOOD MORNING SIR. MAY I HELP YOU? YES. A ROOM FOR ONE, PLEASE, WITH A SINGLE DEATHBED... AND HURRY UP PLEASE... **...I'VE NOT GOT LONG LEFT. I'M FADIN' FAST**



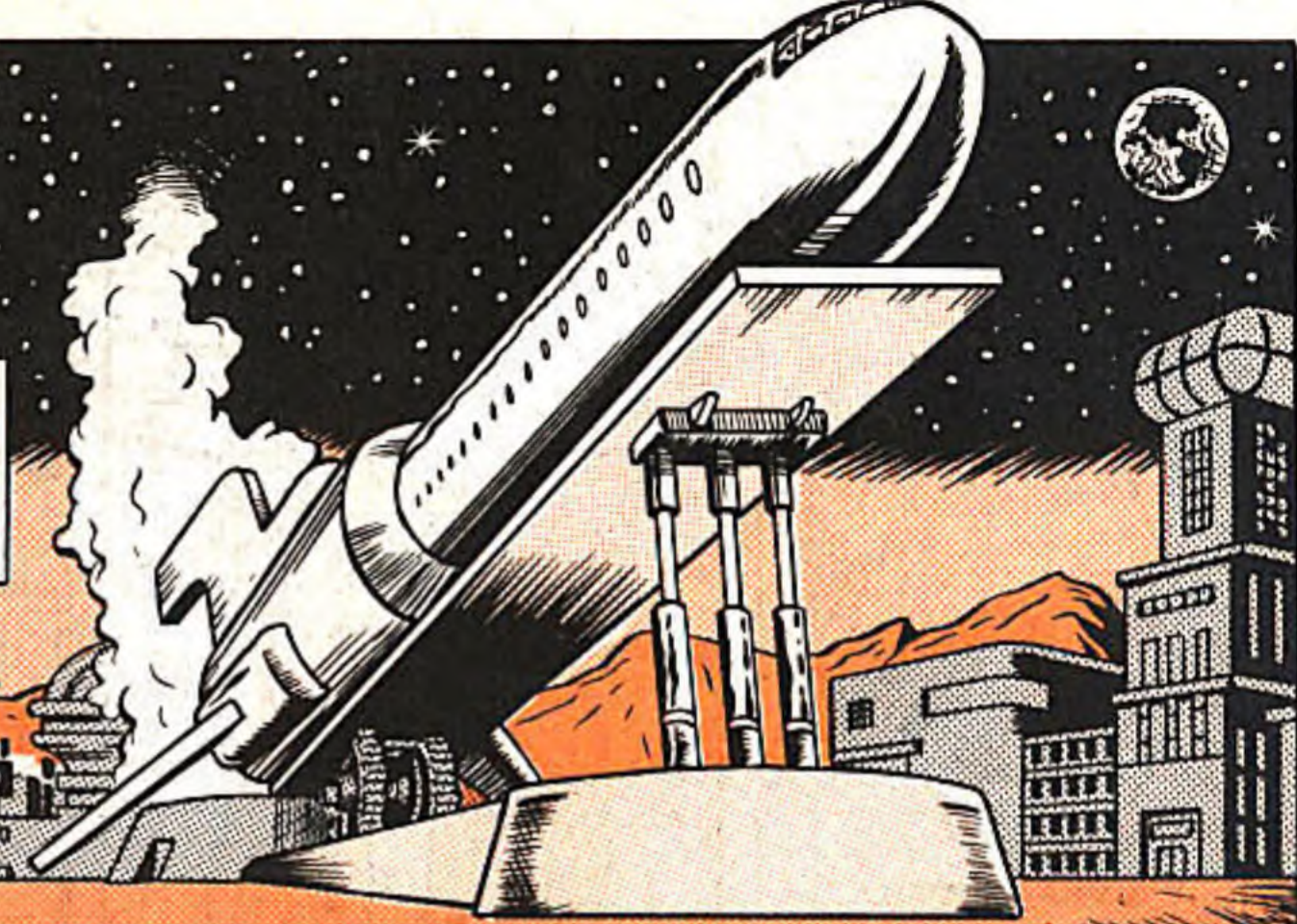
ONE HUNDRED YEARS LATER... AND TODAY I'M AT FULCHESTER HOSPICE WITH MR. SHERIDAN POORLY WHO AT THE RIPE OLD AGE OF 148 HAS JUST BECOME THE WORLD'S OLDEST MAN... HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MR. POORLY. HOW DO YOU FEEL? OCH, TERRIBLE... I CAN'T FIND ME PULSE. **HAPPY BIRTHDAY** **TV 2000** ...AND I'VE GOT A GANGLION THE SIZE OF A TENNIS BALL ON ME HAND... I'M ON ME WAY OUT



# DAN DAREN'T

## SPACE PILOT OF THE FUTURE

Mars, 1997. All the passengers are aboard the space rocket Jupiter 1, and the count down has begun for the regular commuter flight to Earth. At the controls, Commander Dan Daren't, space pilot of the future.



5...4...3...2...1...main proton thruster ignition activated

We're going to die...we're going to die. Oh God, please don't let me die

Well, here we go, Commander



We've left the gravitational pull of Mars, Commander. Gosh, doesn't she look beautiful from a thousand miles up

Yes...Yes...I've seen it loads of times thank you



Oh God! What's that?... We're going to crash!... all the air's escaping. I can't breathe! GASPI! CROAK! Abandon Ship!



It's just Marie, Commander, with some coffee

Oh, Christ, that was a close one. Can you stick a large whiskey stiffener in mine please?



That's funny, Commander. According to these instruments we're only doing twenty-nine miles an hour

Yes. A nice safe speed. We don't want to take any risks



But, Sir. This rocket is equipped with negative ion drive proton thrusters. She can cruise at half the speed of light. The flight is scheduled for forty minutes. It'll take years at this speed



Yes! Well I'm the bloody captain and you're not so we'll go as fast as I want

Mayday! Mayday! This is Space Freighter Neptune 1, presently drifting in Sector Seven. We are in the middle of an asteroid storm. Request any space craft in the area to come to our aid

Oh Oh! There's a distress signal coming through on channel XK14



Did you hear that, Commander? We're in sector seven



There!...on the radar...the stricken craft. Well done, sir. If we hadn't have been going so slow we'd have been out of the sector and wouldn't have picked up the signal

Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!



Look!...we can't fly this rocket into an asteroid zone. We've got passengers to think about. Women...children...Me. It would be suicidal



You're right, Commander. There's only one thing to do

You're going to have to leave in the escape pod...

Yes! Yes!





...and fly into the asteroid zone on your own to rescue Neptune's crew

Rat's cocks!

The way you blithely risk certain death in order to save other people never ceases to amaze me, Commander...here are the keys

Oh, God!

Christ! Why the bloody hell is it always me? Why don't they send some old fart who's not got long left?

Doh! would you credit it? I've only gone and forgotten my helmet. I can't go. What a shame, but there you are... anyway, never mind

Escape Pod Air Lock

It's alright, Commander. I remembered to bring it along

Shit!

What a guy! I wouldn't have the guts to do what he's doing

Wah! Wah! Sniff! Sob!

Seconds later...

Rigsby to Commander Daren't. Rigsby to Commander Daren't. Abort mission! Repeat. **Abort mission!** There is no such craft as Neptune 1. It's a Meekon trap! Abort mission!

AAAAAAAARGH!

I know. I'll give myself up! Throw myself on their mercy. Yes, that's it! I'll tell them everything they want to know. I know lots of military secrets. Where's the radio on this thing?

Hello?...Mr. Meekon, Sir. Don't shoot! I know all about project X...

Missiles Radio

KA-BLAM!

...oh, shit!

The next day...

Congratulations Commander Daren't

Well done, Commander. You flew straight into that asteroid storm and blew up the Meekon destroyer without a thought for your own safety. There's a promotion in this for you, Daren't

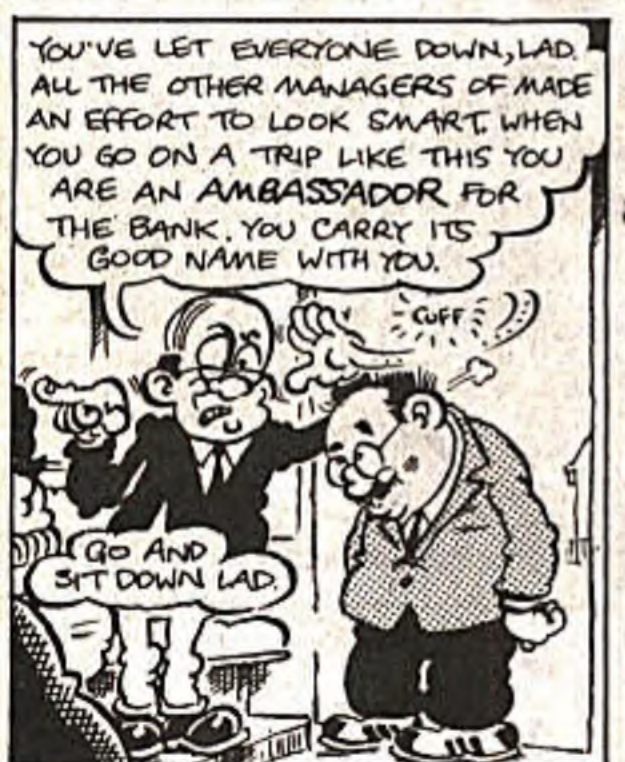
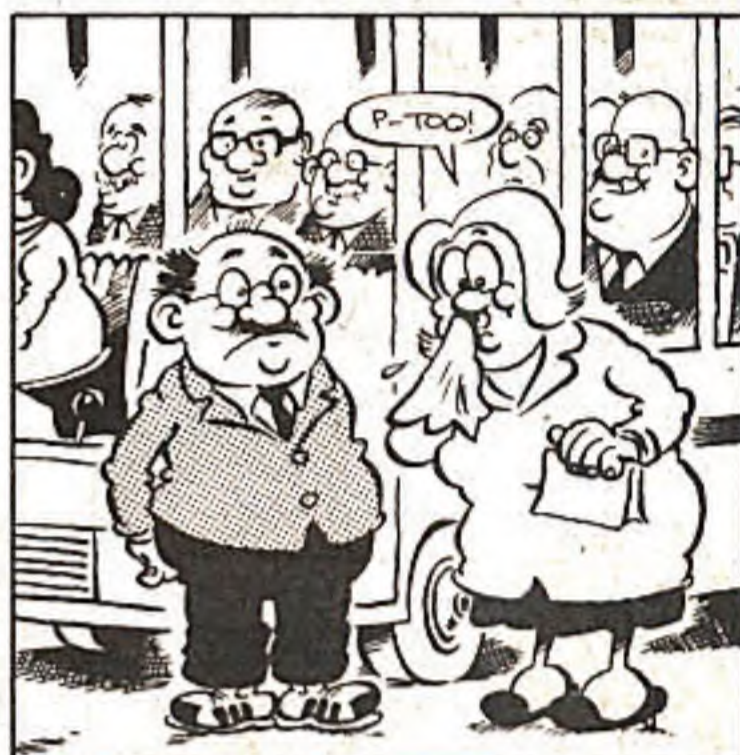
Oh, good! A nice job behind a desk in a warm office, eh?

Hal Ha! I like your sense of humour. No, you'll be pleased to hear that I'm making you Chief Combat Pilot in our front line attack patrol against the crack Meekon fighter squadrons. Your predecessor was captured and tortured to death yesterday

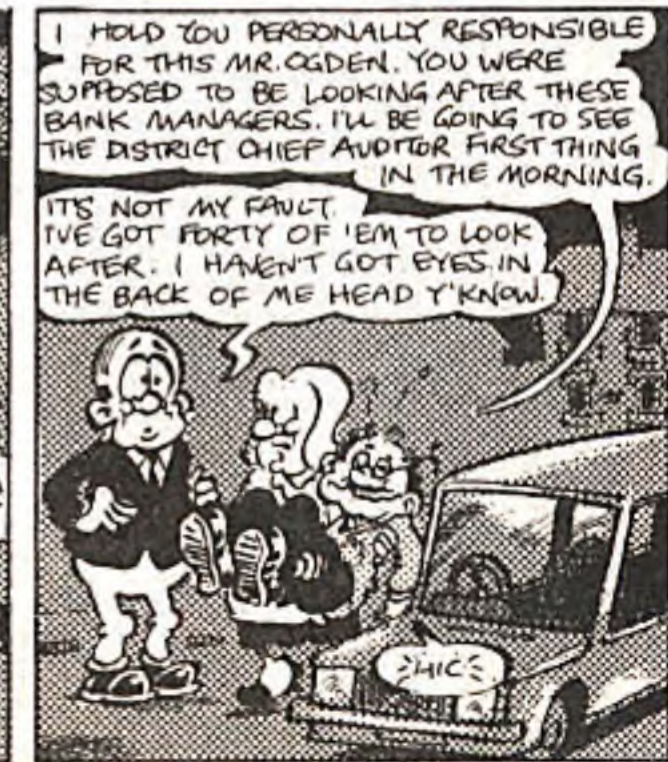
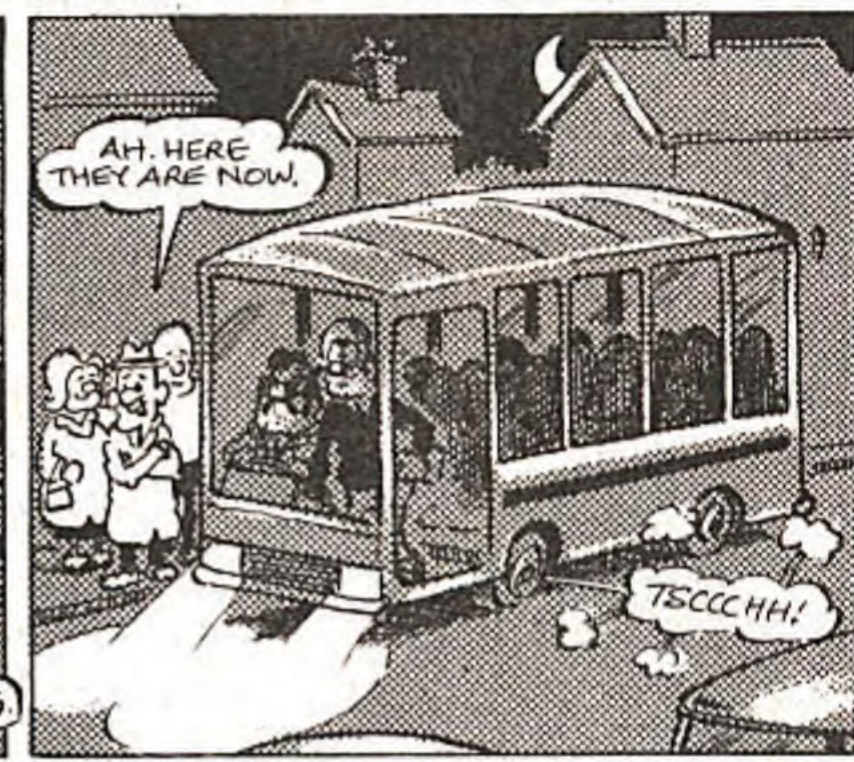
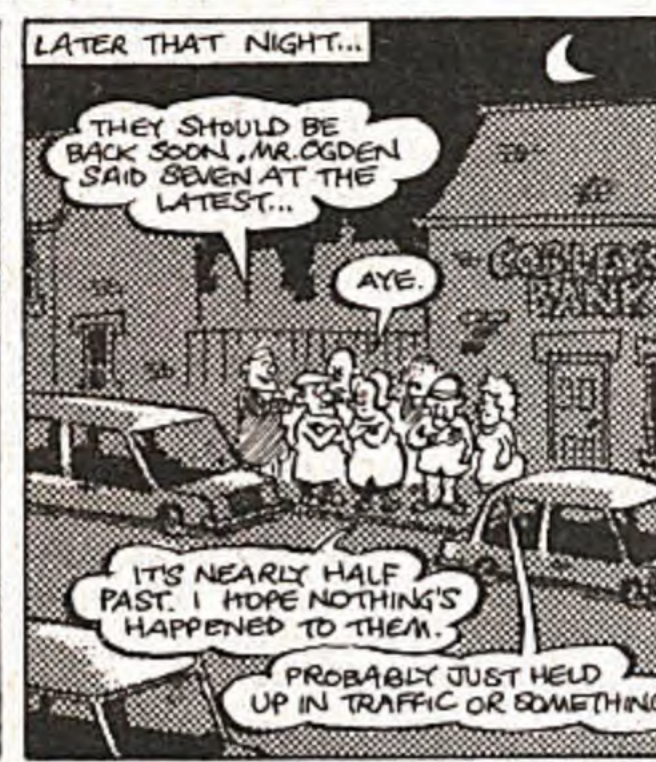
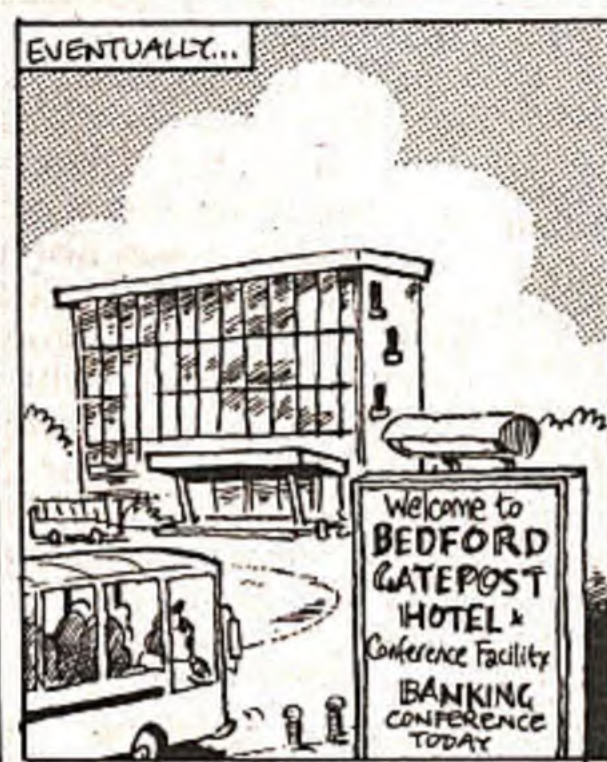
It must be all the excitement, sir. I think he's coming round.

Oh dear! He's shit his pants.











Housewives! Make your attic space work for you!  
Turn it into a knocking shop. It's easy with...

# Brothel-loft™

£9999.99



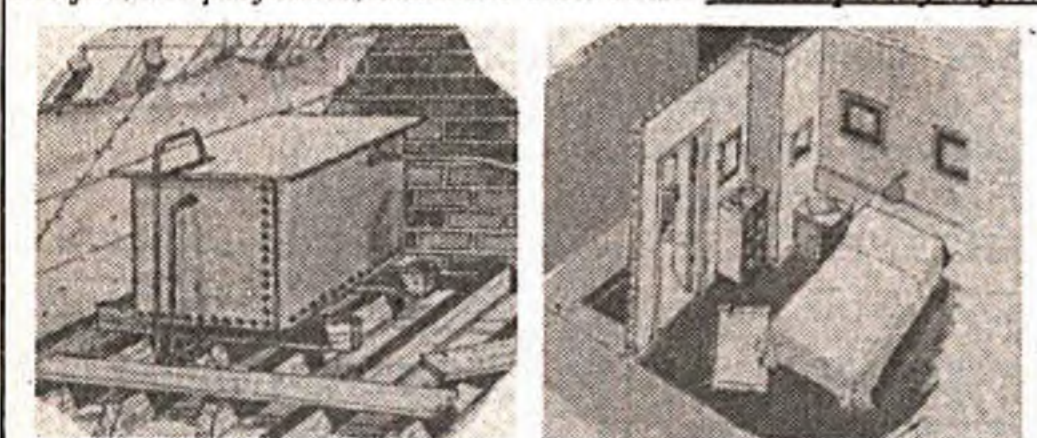
the best name in attic  
whorehouse conversion

Be the Madam in your  
own Rub-a-tug shop!

Everything you need  
to create your attic of  
ill repute is included in  
the Brothel-loft kit. It is  
easily assembled by any  
DIY enthusiast in a weekend



It's fun, it's profitable, and here's the twist- it's completely legal!



**Before** Wasted space in the  
attic very soon becomes  
cluttered allowing air to escape  
through the chimneys leading to  
higher fuel bills and dry rot.

**After** Attic divided into any  
number of sections providing  
comfortable accommodation for  
the girls to turn tricks plus a  
waiting area for punters.

Just look what people have said about the Brothel-loft...

"My wife installed a Brothel-loft in our roof  
space last summer and it's already paid for  
itself in the money she's made going with  
men. This year we're going to go on holiday  
in Spain for a fortnight on her immoral  
earnings. Thank you, Brothel-loft"

Mr. J. Stevenage

"Thanks to my Brothel-loft attic whorehouse  
I can Madam for up to eight girls and earn  
£2000 a night"

Mrs. B. Essex

"I used to keep my dad's old train set in the  
attic. Now it's a thriving bawdy house and I  
pimp for six bitches"

Mr. P. Bodmin

If you're interested in converting your attic into a brothel, give us a ring, without obligation,  
and one of our representatives will call on you at home. Once inside he will stay for as long  
as it takes and will not leave without a signature and hefty cash deposit. They are well trained  
in high pressure selling techniques and can go for days without food or water. Believe us,  
you will break in the end. Resistance is futile, so sign quickly and avoid unnecessary stress.

Name.....Address.....Post Code.....I enclose £10,000. Keep the change. Signed.....

As featured on BBC TV's 'Watchdog'

You know you're old when the police start looking younger.  
Then call us....the

## Old Age Constabulary

For good old  
fashioned copperin'  
like it used to be



Our bobbies...

- \* always know the time
- \* clip youngsters around the ears
- \* help old ladies across the road
- \* laugh

For any gentle crime, lost  
pets or apple scumperry,



**Whitehall 1212**

and ask for the OAP police

(please allow us plenty of time to  
respond, only our legs aren't what  
they used to be)

## Spirits face Scooby

# Ghosts 'not scary anymore'

By our ghostwriter  
PHIL SPECTRE  
and his Wall of Sound

**GHOSTS are no longer as scary as they used to be, according to a new report set to be published a fortnight next Wednesday teatime.**

The spooky survey was commissioned by the Association of Ghost Train Operators to try and explain a dramatic drop in passenger revenue in recent years. However it could have far wider implications. For experts fear that by the year 2025 children will no longer be scared of ghosts at all.

### Monsters

The scariness of ghosts has suffered in the face of fierce competition from two main rivals, monsters and space aliens. In their heyday ghosts were by far the scariest thing in Britain, with 98% of children under the age of twelve and one in five adults scared of them. But the sixties sci-fi explosion and the advent of TV have caused a tidal wave of competition, and a succession of scary things - from monsters to Martians, and from Dracula to dinosaurs - have started to give kids the creeps.

### Creeps

Len Murray, secretary of the official ghosts union the National Association for the Dead and Departed, lays the blame for the present problem squarely at the feet of space aliens. "It all began in the sixties with the Daleks, and now it has simply got out of hand. Ghosts can't compete. There must be controls put in place to protect the interests of our members", he said.

### Nerds

Like aliens, monsters too have had a field day frightening children in recent years. And dinosaurs are the latest in a long line of horrible creatures to capture the imagination of children, and make them hide under their bedclothes. But Mr Murray fears that bringing dinosaurs to life in the film

Jurassic Park was irresponsible and could lead to a 'double whammy' effect. "How long is it going to be before children start having nightmares about the ghosts of

dead dinosaurs?" he asked. "Things are spiralling out of control, and unless the Government act soon it is only a matter of time before youngsters are faced with the terrifying prospect of the ultimate scary thing - the ghost of a dead alien space monster", warned Mr Murray.

## What shits up the stars?



We asked a few famous faces what frightens them most of all. Former Russian gymnast Olga Korbut, now a Barbados taxi driver, told us that ghosts were the last things on her mind when she won the Olympic Games a long time ago. "As a child I was always scared of crocodiles", she confessed. "I could never bring myself to watch Peter Pan, and I still hide under my bedclothes when I hear my alarm clock ticking", she told us.

### Sex Cases

Former England and Spurs centre forward Martin Chivers wasn't afraid of a hard tackle in his heyday. Now living in Denmark where he runs a successful ecclesiastical supplies business, he confessed to having one secret fear. "I must admit - I've always been scared of Franksteins", he told us. "I don't know if its the bolts in their necks, or their clumpy boots, but even now I shit my pants whenever a Frankenstein comes on the telly".



Crocodile's give Korbut (balancing on parallel bar, above) the creeps, while Frankensteins give Martin Chivers the shivers. Meanwhile Peter Cushing (below) is Hammer horrified... of cars!



Hammer horror star Peter Cushing showed no sign of fear in over 850,000 film appearances. But in reality Cushing was desperately scared of cars. "In his later years he'd hang around the street all day, appearing to follow people about. Often they would call the police. But all he wanted to do was follow them across the road. He was terrified of cars, and was scared to go near a road by himself", Peter's former neighbour and T.V. Lottery Queen Anthea Turner told us.



**Dooby dooble blow!**

# SAVE OUR SPOOKS!

**BOLLOCK** brained Brussels bureautwats have sprouted a hair raising scheme that will send shivers up the spine of spirits all over Britain.

The Belgium based buf-foons want to see a single European spook replace existing ghosts, polter-geists and apparitions by the year 2000.

## Shockwaves

Plans to exorcise our estimated 200,000 spooks - and replace them with a standard EEC Euroghost - have sent shockwaves through haunted houses all over Britain. And last night the plan was attacked by Tory MP Sir Anthony Regents-Park.

## Heatwaves

"Of course I don't believe in ghosts, and I'm certainly not scared of them. But even so, this is yet another example of Brussels bureaucracy gone mad".

## Eurocrats plan to exorcize the Great British Ghoul

Of all the EEC member states Britain has by far the greatest number of ghouls. However traditional figures such as the Lady in White and Headless Horsemen have lost ground in recent years to more contemporary phenomena. These range from ubiquitous polter-geists throwing kitchen crockery to the equally

common strange and unexplained presences in cars (accompanied by a sudden change of temperature) experienced by motorists driving alone late at night near the scene (and on the anniversary of) an horrific road accident.

## Hi Tensions

Labour's Terry Nice was last night reluctant to condemn the EEC proposals. "Obviously we need to look very closely at the whole issue of ghosts and whether we believe in them and what, if anything, they should look like, because its an issue that affects all of us, but other than that I'm not going to say anything and I'll just sit on the fence hedging my bets and smiling a lot and hope that everybody will vote for me at the next election".

# Internet attacker gets two years

**In the first case of its kind in Britain a man has been convicted of assault after robbing a 72 year old pensioner on the computer Internet.**

Wayne Pile, an unemployed 18 year old, was sentenced to two years in prison after a jury found him guilty of assault and robbery at the home of Percival Francis, a retired clerk of Putney, South London. Mr Francis had just sat down at his computer and was preparing to write a letter to a relative when Pile, who was 200 miles away in Sheffield, struck.

## Tavares's

The robber was apprehended by police after an alert computer operator in Glossop spotted him acting suspiciously outside an E mail address in Hull. Detective Inspector Eric Fletcher who lead the investigation believes that computer crime is on the increase.

"The criminal will not hesitate to explore new avenues of crime, and as technology advances we must ensure that police resources are updated and criminal legislation constantly reviewed in order to remain abreast of the situation". He described the Putney attack as particularly vicious. Mr Francis was knocked to the ground and required hospital treatment for cuts and bruises. Pile escaped through the Internet with less than twenty pounds in cash and a pension book.

## The Floaters's

In a similar case an American teenager was fined by a court in Ohio for throwing a waterbomb out of Windows 95 and hitting a passing pedestrian in Hong Kong.

*Remember - a hat's not a hat 'til it's tilted. So get yourself a*

# Titfer<sup>TM</sup> Tilt electric hat tilting engine

The Titfer Tilt<sup>®</sup> is truly the miracle of the modern age. Forty years in the developing by the world's leading hat scientists this revolutionary machine is at last available to you. Never again need you venture out with an inappropriate list to your head ware. With the Titfer Tilt<sup>®</sup> it's easy to produce the correct tilt to your hat time after time with exact precision - *all at the flick of a switch.*



before ✗



after ✓

fantastic value at only

**£2000.00**

excluding delivery - ask for a quotation

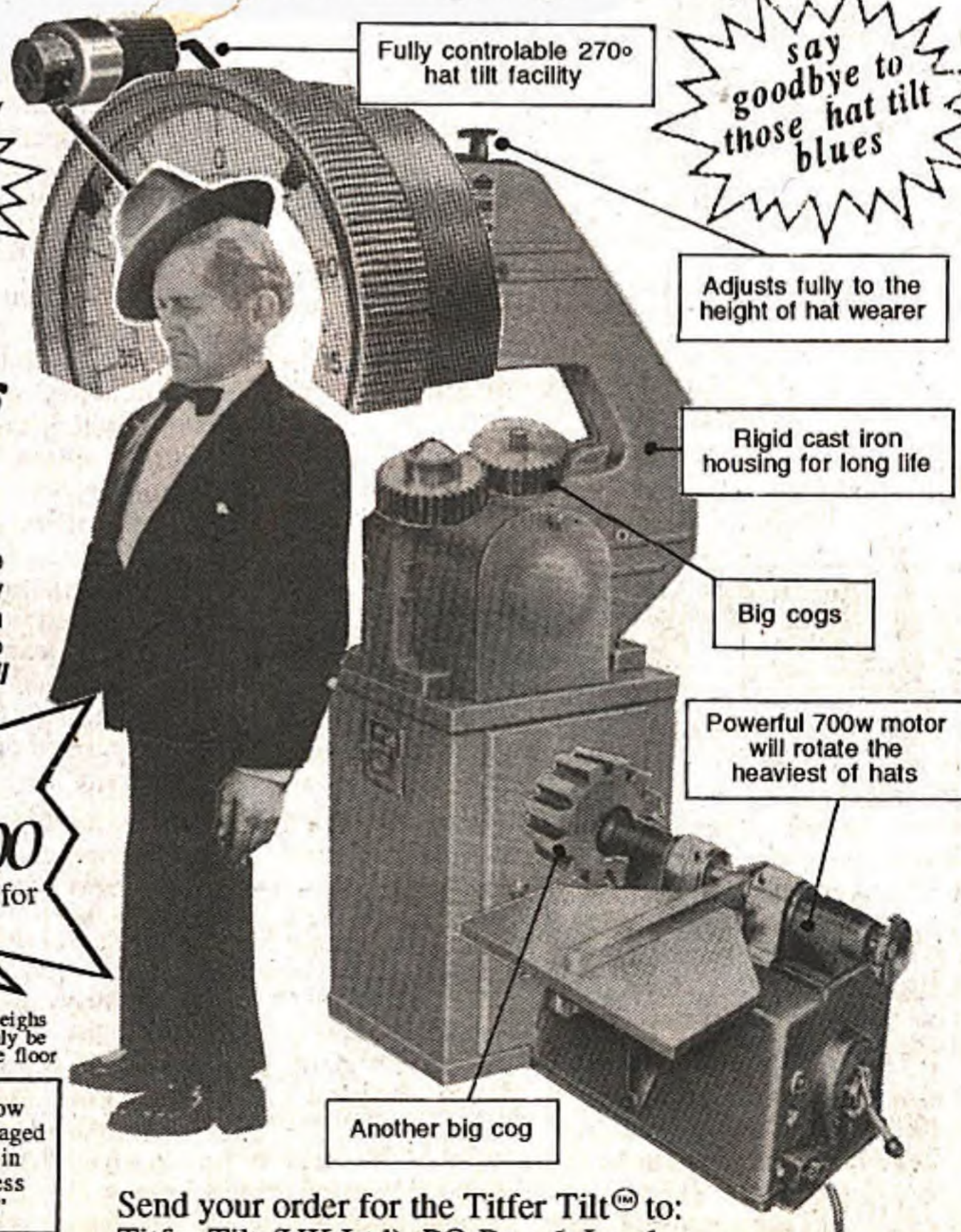
\*The Titfer Tilt weighs 4.5 tons. It must only be erected on a concrete floor

"I don't know how I've managed sixty years in showbusiness without it"

Dean Martin

Yes! I can't never get the tilt of my hat right and I want one of these machines. Please send one. I enclose £2000 which I cannot have back. Ever.

Name.....Address.....Post code.....



Fully controllable 270° hat tilt facility

say goodbye to those hat tilt blues

Adjusts fully to the height of hat wearer

Rigid cast iron housing for long life

Big cogs

Powerful 700w motor will rotate the heaviest of hats

Another big cog

Send your order for the Titfer Tilt<sup>®</sup> to:  
Titfer Tilt (UK Ltd), PO Box 6, Leeds.



# R.I.P. (Rest In Paradise)

## Rolling Stone gathers swish £250,000 grave

SHOWBIZ EXCLUSIVE

Rock'n'Roll senior citizen Mick Jagger has splashed out a quarter of a million pounds on a luxury grave on the sun drenched Caribbean island of Monserrat.

And millionaire Mick is set to splash out a cool half million more lavishly converting the graveyard gaff into a tomb fit for a king.

### Plot

The Monserrat plot, in an exclusive corner of the island's most prestigious cemetery, brings to five the total number of final resting places owned by the Rolling Stone. Jagger, now 72, bought his first grave in 1964, paying just over £2000 for a modest plot in his local cemetery at Richmond in Surrey. Since then he has added a small crypt in the Highlands of Scotland, a lavish \$2 million marble tomb in the Belle Air district of Beverly Hills and a small weekend urn on the West Bank in Paris.

### Keg

This latest addition was an impulse buy made during a tea break in the recording of the Stone's latest album 'Voodoo Lounge'.

"Mick was taking a break

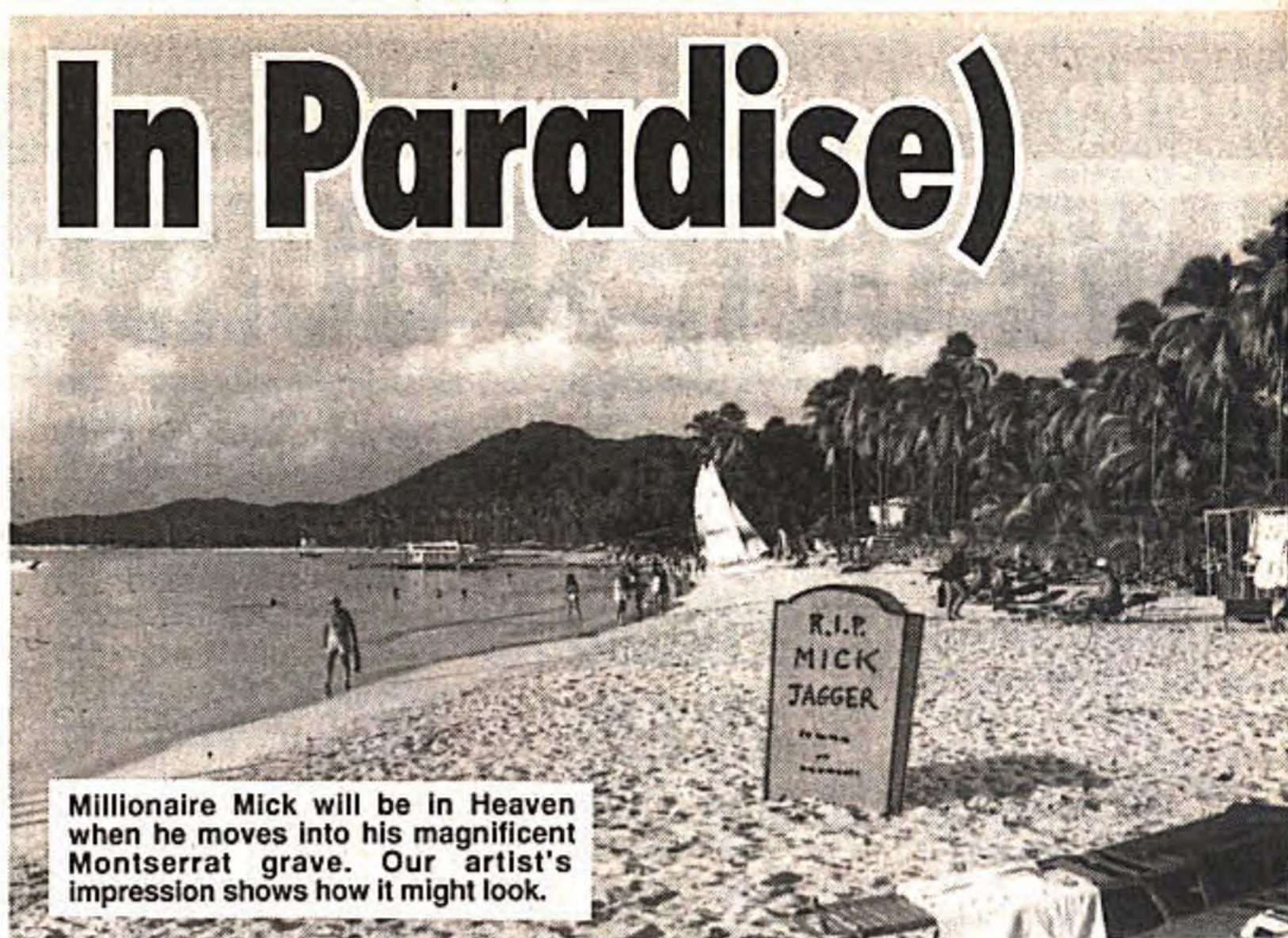


Mad about graves - Mick looks forward to being committed - to the Earth!

from recording when he just happened to drive past the cemetery. He saw the grave and just fell in love with it", a Stones insider told us.

### Kex

"It wasn't for sale but he made an offer the owner couldn't refuse." The previous occupant was exhumed and moved out that afternoon.



Millionaire Mick will be in Heaven when he moves into his magnificent Monserrat grave. Our artist's impression shows how it might look.

After splashing quarter of a million on the grave itself Jagger will now lay out twice as much again on lavish refurbishments before it is ready for moving in. "Mick has his own very personal tastes", our source told us "and he'll want to get it just right, whatever the cost". Jagger is rumoured to have spent over £80,000 revamping his Richmond grave recently before sacking the grave digger and ordering the work to be carried out again.

### Shreddies

Mick has told showbiz pals that after his death he intends to spread his time between his graves, spending a few months of the year in each. "Knowing Mick he'll still get around a bit after he's gone", our source confirmed. "But he's really a home loving man and I think he'll spend most of his time in his Richmond plot near his family and friends."



What a plot he's got! Mick snapped up his favourite final resting place in Richmond (above) for only £2000 in 1964. But he's also planning to push up daisies at the remote Scottish church yard below where he owns a magnificent detached stone crypt set in 10 yards of grass.



## BLAST ROCKS BRIT POP AWARDS

THE BRIT EKLAND Pop Awards ended in confusion last night after a bottle of home made ginger beer exploded showering tables with broken glass. The ceremony, which was taking place in a function room above the Red Lion pub in Watford, had to be abandoned in the chaos which followed.

Film star Miss Ekland, 58, had been announcing nominations in her annual awards for soft drinks when the bottle burst on a table behind her.

She was clearly shocked by the explosion but bravely attempted to carry on. Shortly afterwards she paused and appeared unsteady on her feet. She was then lead away, clearly in some distress.

The awards were launched by Miss Ekland in 1967 in recognition of her favourite fizzy drinks, and ran for twelve successive years until they were abandoned in 1979 due to lack of media interest. Since then Miss Ekland has

lead a vigorous solo campaign for their reinstatement and last night's awards were to have marked their return after an absence of 17 years.

It is not known whether the ceremony will be rearranged. Less than half the invited audience of 23 had attended, and a spokesman for Miss Ekland said the envelope containing winners names had been lost in the mayhem following the explosion. Brit Ekland was last night unavailable for comment.



Brit Ekland - left in tears after pop explosion wrecked ceremony.



# Martin's laugh in

## Deadpan Dean is in high spirit's world

**AMERICAN showbiz legend Dean Martin who died on Christmas Day has surprised mortuary staff in California with his amazing sense of humour.**

Workers at the swish \$10,000 a slab Los Angeles morgue say the brave comic was sitting up and cracking jokes with fellow corpses only minutes after his post mortem examination.

"He had the Coroner in stitches with a succession of quick fire gags", one senior mortician told reporters. "He certainly wasn't allowing his death to get him down".

### Heart

Only minutes earlier Martin had been told by doctors that his heart had stopped working, and that

he would be dead forever. "He didn't seem too concerned. He just laughed and asked if we could put three pairs of shoes in his coffin - because soon he'd be going six feet under", one witness revealed afterwards.

### Slits

Celebrated boozier Martin later smiled and waved to fans as he was whisked in a coffin from the exclusive Belle Air Chapel of Rest where he had been staying to a local crematorium where his remains were cremated. En route he



Dean - having last laugh

told undertakers he was thirsty and jokingly asked whether the hearse could stop at a liquor store.

### Fuzzbox

One technician at the \$20,000 an oven crematorium later said Martin's ashes were in high spirits, and they had smiled and chatted happily with other remains while waiting to be poured into their swish \$500 urn.

# George hits the jackpot!

**A Middlesborough grandad was last night celebrating with family and friends after finding a straight piece of wood in his local B&Q home improvements store.**

George Clayton, a retired scaffolder and keen DIY enthusiast popped into his local store to buy a length of 2x2 planed timber to finish off a stud wall he was erecting at his Teesside home.

"It didn't really hit me at first", he told us. "I've been buying timber there for years and nothing like this has ever happened. I just picked this bit up off the top of the rack, closed one eye and looked down its length - more out of habit than anything else. When I saw it was straight, I couldn't believe it. I checked it again, then turned to my wife and said 'You're not going to believe this, but I think we've got a straight bit'".

### Mingepiece

George's wife Lillian was so shaken that she almost collapsed and had to sit down on a nearby display of patio chairs. "I was trembling like a leaf", she told reporters later. "You read about people finding straight bits but you never think it's going to happen to you."

### Come Bucket

Seconds later George's jackpot joy almost turned to despair when after reaching the checkout he was told the timber didn't have a bar code. The assistant suggested he take it back and get another one. "I was gutted," he said. "But I decided to put my foot down and told them, 'No. I'm having this one'".

### Quim

George and his wife spent the next four and a half hours standing by the till while repeated requests were made over the tannoy for a member of hardware to come to the check out. "By this time the queue was out the shop, across the car park and half way round the local trading estate. But nobody seemed to mind waiting. They all just

## Grandad, 72, scoops straight bit of wood



George celebrates with the B&Q store manager

wanted to see my straight bit of wood."

### Fadge

Eventually a twelve year old assistant turned up with a stock catalogue and after half an hour located the item in the book. The bar code was then entered into the till manually at the third attempt and George was able to take his wood home.

### Fitbin

News of George's good fortune spread quickly and on leaving the store he was mobbed by a crowd of well wishers before being driven away by reporters from a London based tabloid newspaper. Meanwhile in another newspaper a former girlfriend of Mr Clayton has branded him a 'rat', and revealed that handyman George was a flop between the sheets during the couple's stormy two week affair in 1951.

# Sting Storm!

**SINGER Sting sailed into a new storm yesterday when he told a Swedish pop magazine that Britain should have surrendered to Germany in the Second World War.**

"I really believe we should have surrendered to Hitler", he told a reporter from Bonken Zpunken magazine. "It would have saved a lot of time and money. A lot of bad stuff has been written about Hitler, but the guy must have had some good points. I don't think he's been given a very good press recently". When he was asked which side he would have chosen to fight on Sting replied "Definitely the Germans. They had better helmets".

### Clout

This is the second time in a week that Sting has opened his mouth and put his foot in it. On Monday he was reported to have said that primary school children should be given free heroin and that ginger babies should be drowned in a bucket.

### Bangles

These latest untimely remarks are bound to

offend the relatives of servicemen and women who lost their lives during the five year conflict (not to mention members of the Jewish community who suffered so badly at the



Sting - 'better helmets'

hands of Hitler) when they read them in this paper tomorrow.

**IT'S FULL PRICE DAY FOR ONE DAY ONLY!! at NFG!**

Our staff have been UP ALL NIGHT UNSLASHING PRICES on EVERYTHING instore!!

**0% OFF**

Unpleasant Sofa WAS £245 NOW £1995

was £140.00 now £259.00

EVERYTHING NOT REDUCED

Nasty Dining Suite WAS £445 NOW £2995

**NFG** The Furniture People

Open: Tue, Mon, Sat Fri Thu Wed, & 10am 5pm 9am Sun 9-7am

WE ARE HERE

Accommodation VISA



# Two four six eight, who do we appreciate?

## Football crazy!

This year the city of Sheffield plays host to a prestigious international football event. But it's not the European Championships which take place later in the summer. It is in fact the World Premier of the new football film 'When Saturday Comes'.

And it promises to be the best football movie since 'Escape To Victory' in which the 1966 England World Cup winning team won the Second World War. We're giving away two tickets to the premier of When Saturday Comes in Sheffield on 27th February, plus a year's supply of Sheffield's most famous brew - 365 cans of Stones bitter, which, just like the movie, is sure to "go down great guns".

The movie premier is sure to be the South Yorkshire social event of the season, and a cavalcade of limousines will deliver a stream of Sheffield celebrities - Joe Cocker, Phil Oakey, Martin Fry out of ABC and the drummer with one arm out of that heavy metal band - to the cinema door. You too can be there simply by answering the following questions.

- Which of the following famous goalkeepers appeared in 'Escape To Victory'?  
(a) Julio Inglestias  
(b) Pope John Paul II  
(c) Sylvester Stallone

- Which of the following stars did NOT appear in 'Escape to Victory'?



- Which of the following stars did NOT appear in 'Escape to Victory'?

Win tickets to  
a movie  
premier plus  
a year's  
supply of  
Stones Bitter!

3. After leaving football management Cheri Lungi took over as head of which coffee company?

- Nescafe
- Birds
- Kenco



4. Which of the following films featured a school football team?

- Local Hero
- Gregory's Girl
- That Sinking Feeling

5. Dennis Waterman won the World Cup on the telly while playing for which team?

- England
- Kingstonians
- Bishop Auckland

6. Controversial England boss Terry Venables' off-the-field activities include writing which seventies TV detective series?

- Kojak
- Starsky and Hutch
- Hazell

7. If a footballer appeared charged with murder in a low budget seventies ITV lunchtime courtroom drama, which fictitious team would he no doubt play for?



Stones bitter - goes down great guns - available from an off licence near this magazine now.

- Melchester Rovers
- Fulchester United
- Walford Town

8. Nick Banks, the drummer out of Pulp, has which former England goalkeeper as an uncle?

- Peter Bonetti
- Peter Shilton
- Gordon Banks

Send your answers on a post card marked 'Football Crazy' to the usual address. We'll draw one card out of the hat on February 20th in time for the film premier, but don't worry if you're late - we'll draw a separate beer winner out on March 8th. If possible please include a daytime phone number where we can contact you.

## Cure cancer and win a free haircut!

### David gets his skis on for chairidy

Plucky David Sumner hopes to raise £30,000 for Cancer Research by travelling from Dover to Calais and back. But this is no ordinary Channel crossing. For instead of using the new Channel Tunnel, plucky David plans to make the return crossing on waterskis!

Plucky David, a builder from Maidenhead, aims to break the record for the 44 mile return journey currently set at one hour and 57 minutes and raise funds for the Cancer Research Campaign in the process. And to help publicise the venture David's wife is generously offering a FREE haircut at her Berkshire salon to the lucky Viz reader who wins this Channel Crossing competition.



On your marks, get set... Plucky David yesterday.

- Cliff Richard
- White Cliffs
- Cliff Michelmores

Send your entries on a post card to the usual address, marked 'Channel Crossing'. You can make a donation to the 'Cancer Research Campaign' by writing to them at 10 Cambridge Terrace, London NW1 4JL. If anyone wants to go along and watch plucky David attempt to break the Channel waterskiing record he'll be taking off from Dover at 10am on Monday the 27th of May, and hoping to land again at 11.35am.

## VIZ Issue 75 Competition Winners

### CALENDAR COMPETITION

Jex Cole, Skelmersdale. Paul Hirst, Derby. Mrs C Struthers, Lanark. Stephen Joynson, Huddersfield. R Walton, Cambridge. Jack Degan LX3253, HM Prison, Chelmsford. Diane Thomas, Bolton. Mr S Jones, Surrey. Martin, Northumberland. J McGowan, Norwich. Mr Michael Ambizas, Edgbaston. Celia Sutton, Gosforth. Ms A Rowe, Southampton. David Jones, Cardiff. Andy Shaw, Bridgnorth. Roddy Trampiz, Surrey. A Barton, Luton. Moxey Crowther, Hampshire. Anton Sullivan, Chester. C Snowdon, South Shields. K Waldoock, Stevenage. D McCaffrey, Northumberland. Mr D Webber, Devon. Jock McTavish, Tynemouth. B Devine, Wilts. R Ward, Northallerton. S Bassett, Dartford. Andrew Bearman, Kent. Nigel Williams, Walsall. Steve Middleton, Nottingham. Simon J Bolton, Didcot. Ian Bennallick, Cornwall. Pete O'Reilly, Preston. Steve Johnson, Essex. David Hayden, Essex. Anthony Taylor, Lancashire. K Bolton, Stalybridge. K Rainey, Lancaster. E Warde, Glasgow. Dave Peach, Devon. Alan Jolley, Thornton-Cleveleys. John Irwin, Glasgow. P D Martin, Dorset. S J Neville, Oldbury. Michael Dearlove, Reading. Mr M Connor, Marlborough. Emma Poole, Woking. M Dauntton, Kent. D Jarrett, London. Mr M Evans, Cambridge.

### BELL END COMPETITION

B Devine, Wilts. Peter Osborne, Surrey. A Sweeney, Surrey. Ian Yates, Lancashire. Paul Harley, Cardiff. Tom Raymond, Northampton. Andrew Russon, Isle of Wight.

Mr Robert Twisleton, Northamptonshire. Joe Clarke, Dublin. A J Davis, Nottingham. Alan Jolley, Thornton-Cleveleys. Mr R Webber, Devon. Mr N Howlston, Amble. Mr Oliver Martin, Alfreton. I Davies, Wrexham. Mark E Green, Hull. Peter Davis, Isle of Wight. D Wilson, Shropshire. Jonathan Camp, Derby. Stephanie Solomon, Newmarket. D M Marcus, Hove.

### WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS COMPETITION

Steve Rigby, Birmingham. Mr F J Sharkey, Wolverhampton. Mr Jamie Smith, Stowmarket. Roger Lewis, London. Mr S Chand, Birmingham. 739 Lcpl James. Dave Dunn, Wolverhampton. Mr B Williams, Stourbridge. Malcolm Schofield, Didcot. Ian Hamer, Montgomery. Mr Patrick Harris, Birmingham. Jim Bywater, Rugeley.

### SCHOLL COMPETITION

Mr F A Rawlinson, York. Miss Sam Healey, Mrs Dhekelia, BFPO 58. Paul Alexander Wells, Milton Keynes. Paul Harley, Cardiff. Robbie McKeown, Luton. Glenn Maxwell, Birmingham. Ian Collins, Barwell. Ian Yates, Lancashire. Bill Thackray, Addington. Lez Hutchinson, Bristol. P Twomey, London. Loz, London. Tracey Bower, Bradford. W J Skermer, Derby. Mike Painter, Harrow. Richard Warner, Corley. Richard Easton, Newburn. Owen Gower, Nuneaton. Roger Lewis, London. Jon Maluer, Manchester. Jamie Powell, Bradford. Mr Robert Twisleton, Bozeat. D M Marcus, Hove. Willis Hunter, Corby. Bob Neilson, Glasgow. S Bassett, Dartford. Mr Jamie Smith, Stowmarket. Greg

Bell, London. J Norberts, Bolton. Tim Naylor, Southampton. S Buxton, Derby. Mark Oxley, Wakefield. Tim Doyle, Hertford. Karin Cheetham, London. Will Bates, Norwich. Aaron Butcher, Cheltenham. Pudsey O'Brien, Stakeford. Mr M S Glassey, Fenchouses. Mr A Coughlan, Merthyr Tydfil. Louise Prince, Camberley. Mr Oliver Martin, Alfreton. Mr Steve Rigby, Birmingham. A Clube, Bedford. S Neville, Oldbury. Jane Williams, Stourbridge. Mr B J H Storey, Killingworth. I Davies, Wrexham. Steve Middleton, Nottingham. Martin Stubbs, London. 739 Lcpl James. Ian Collins, Barwell. Miss N Drury, Bentford. Mrs M Brettie, West Glamorgan. Mr P D Brettie, West Glamorgan. Nigel Williams, Walsall. Martin McCaffrey, Hexham. B Devine, Devizes. Kevin McNally, London. Paul Williams, London. T Sulton, Bournemouth. Bruce Ryan, St Andrews. Pete O'Reilly, Preston. David Hayden, West Thurrock. G Seyfang, Diss. R Hiles, Edinburgh. Dave Rawlinson, Salisbury. Ian Hamer, Powys.

### SMINT COMPETITION

Stephanie Solomon, Newmarket. Mr M S Glassey, Fenchouses. Rod Warne, Newport. A J Davis, Nottingham. Robert Baker, Somerset. Mr T G Brettie, West Glamorgan. Andrew Pye, Bournemouth. Mr Robert Twisleton, Bozeat. R Duckworth, London. Matthew Griffiths, Merseyside.

### TIGER COMPETITION

Robin Webster, Swadlincote. Aaron Butcher, Cheltenham. R Hiles, Edinburgh. Loz, Haringay. Miss E Slaughter, Brighton.



**WIN an hour's FREE karting for two people**

# Racing remedy for road rage

Are you a London based executive with a flash £30,000 Porsche parked outside capable of cruising at 150 miles per hour?

Yeah? I bet you looked really flash crawling to work in it this morning at five miles an hour, nose-to-tail all the way on the M25. You daft twat.

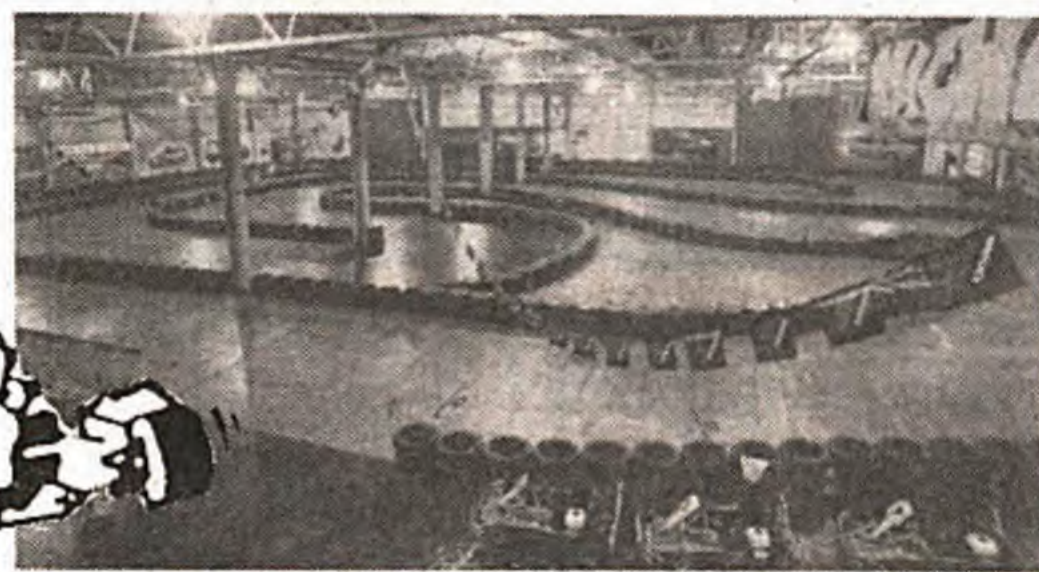
There's so many cars on the roads nowadays it's no wonder drivers end up getting road rage. But we've got the answer. MegaKart is a new place where you can drive fast and impress the birds all day long. There's no traffic jams, no unsolicited windscreen washers, and there's not a copper or wheel clamber in sight.

The new MegaKart Arena is at River Way in Harlow, near the junction of the M11 and M25. Their Honda powered Karts travel at up to 50mph on



their 470 metre circuit, and a computerised timing system prints out lap times accurate to within one hundredth of a second. Prices start from £15 per driver for 'Arrive and Drive' practice sessions. There's eleven different race formats to choose from, and the facilities are available for corporate entertainment too. You can reserve your grid position now by calling (01279) 410101.

We've got FIVE prizes to give away, each consisting of an hour's free karting



for two people. So if you fancy an hour farting around a derelict factory full of car tyres on a converted lawn mower, simply answer the following questions:

1. Whilst working in advertising motor racing commentator Murray Walker was responsible for which of these slogans?  
(a) *A Mars a day helps you work rest and play*  
(b) *And all because the lady loves Milk Tray*  
(c) *A finger of fudge is just enough to give your kids a treat*

2. How did former British racing champion Graham Hill die?



- (a) *In a car crash*  
(b) *In a plane crash*  
(c) *In the Wall Street crash*

3. Before he took up racing Graham Hill's son Damon was in a band. What were they called?

- (a) *Racey*  
(b) *The Cars*  
(c) *Sex Hitler & The Hormones*

4. What is Damon Hill's favourite vegetable?

- (a) *Broccoli*  
(b) *Parsnip*  
(c) *Petit pois*

5. On which island does caterpillar 'tashed millionaire misery guts Nigel Mansell spend his weekends playing at being a policeman?

- (a) *The Isle of Man*  
(b) *Tracy Island*  
(c) *Treasure Island*

Please mark your postcard 'Racing'. Closing date for entries is 8th March 1996.

## Love bombs away!!

Taking your bird out for a drink tonight? If so, beware. Nowadays thanks to alcoholic 'soft drinks' even a bottle of lemonade can leave you with brewers droop.

Well now there's a new kind of drink that won't take the 'fizz' out of your performance, either in the sack or behind the wheel. Gusto is a new 'life enhancing' herbal drink that won't affect your driving, and which gives you the opposite of a hangover. Indeed, according to the manufacturer's the morning after you'll be buzzing with energy from the drink's powerful combination of guarana (nothing to do with bird shit) and adaptogens like ginseng and dong quai (nothing to do with cow shit either).

Reading through the full list of herbal contents you

**Get some  
get up  
and go  
with Gusto**

could be forgiven for expecting a glass of Gusto to give you diarrhoea for a month. But it won't. Probably. It contains guarana - the jungle herb popularly enjoyed by Amazon Indians (not to be confused with 'E' which Sting gave them). Indeed many of its supporters claim that guarana reduces fatigue, strengthens the immune system (it says here) and no doubt reverses the ageing

process to boot. Another active ingredient, Siberian Ginseng, was first used by Santa Claus to give his reindeer extra stamina - until he discovered its strong aphrodisiac effect. Or something like that. Russian cosmonauts also use it to combat the effects of stress on the body. (Presumably they end up wanking a lot while they're stuck up in space.)

As well as Gusto Lemonade, Gusto Gingkola and Gusto Original, Gusto also market 'Love Bomb Jungle Juice' using the slogan 'Get loose to the Jungle Juice'. This contains another long list of herbal extracts and comes complete with testimonies from various obscure South American Indian tribes all of whom have managed to get a stiffy on in double time. Let's be fair. You can't

knock it till you've tried it, and it can't be any worse for you than coke. So we're offering a crate each of assorted Gusto drinks to the six winners of this 'Herb' competition.

1. Which herb is a lion in the popular children's TV series of the same name?
2. Name the VW beetle which starred in the film 'The Love Bug'?
3. Which Herb plays the trumpet?
4. After asking "Are you going to Scarborough Fair?" singer Paul Simon



suddenly and for no apparent reason reels off a list of four herbs which, conveniently enough, just happen to rhyme with "She once was a true love of mine". Name all four in the correct order.

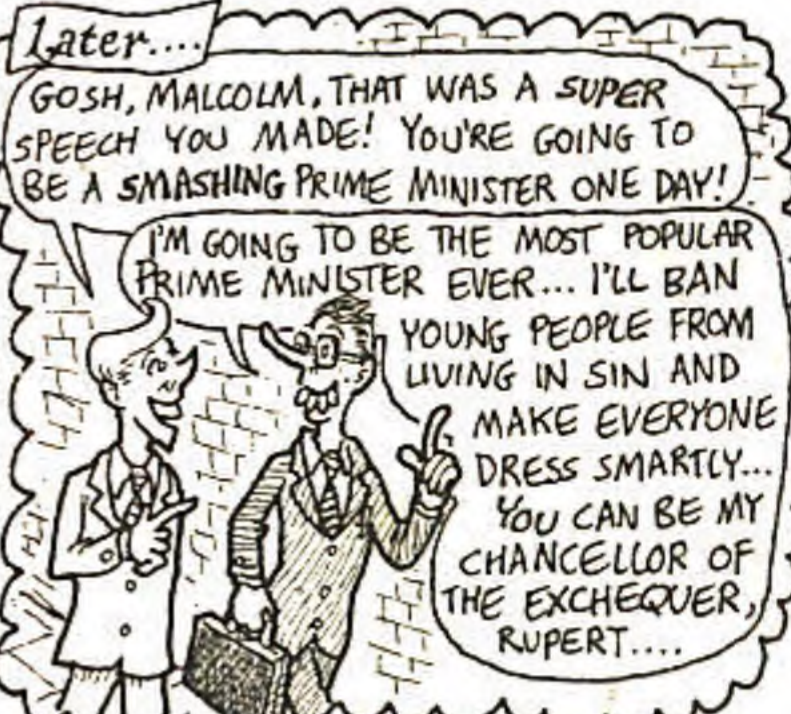
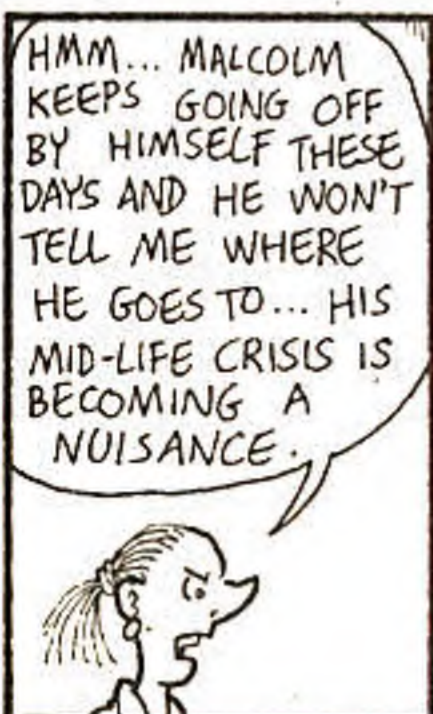
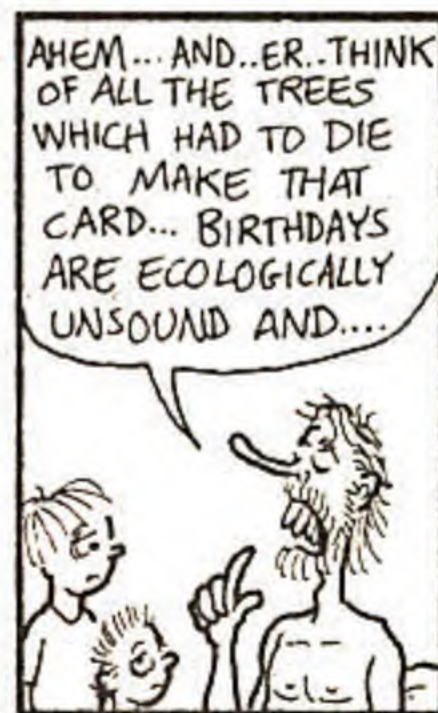
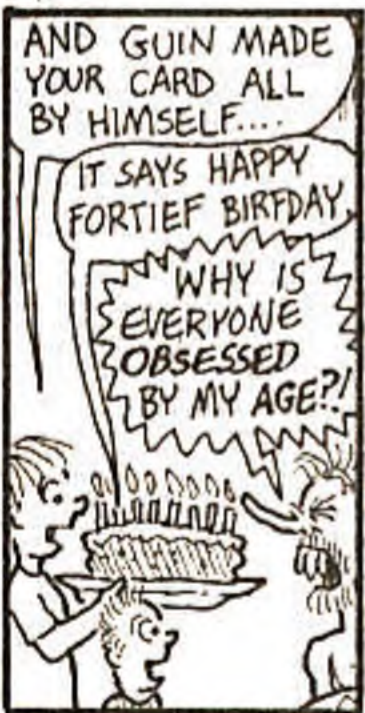
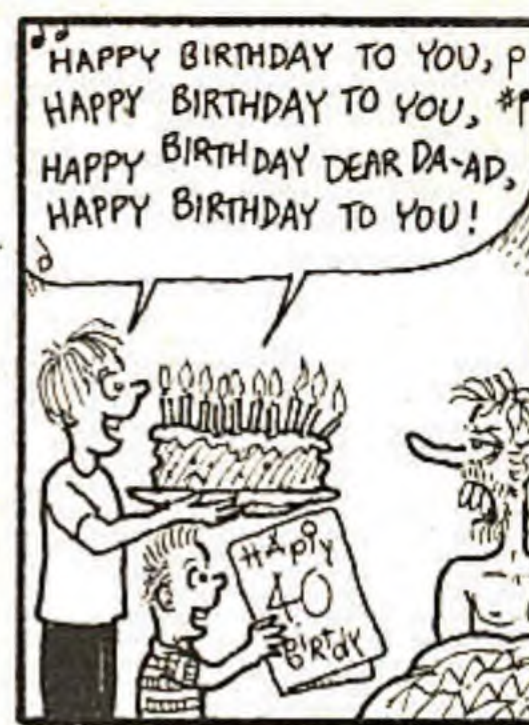
Send your entries, marked 'Gusto', to the usual address to arrive by 8th March. Sales enquiries about Gusto drinks can be made direct to Gusto (Herbal Drinks) on fax number (0181) 964 9057.

### HOW TO ENTER

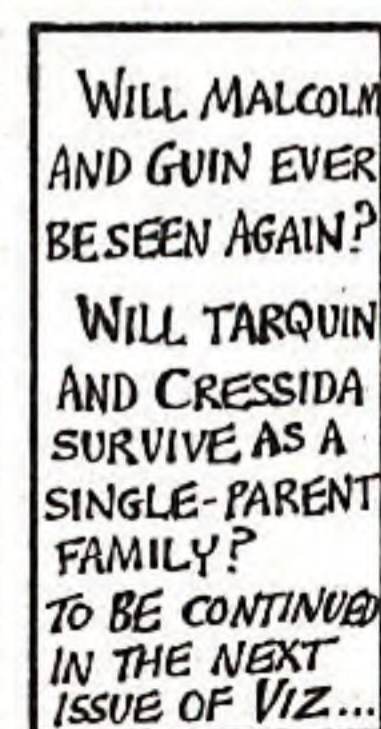
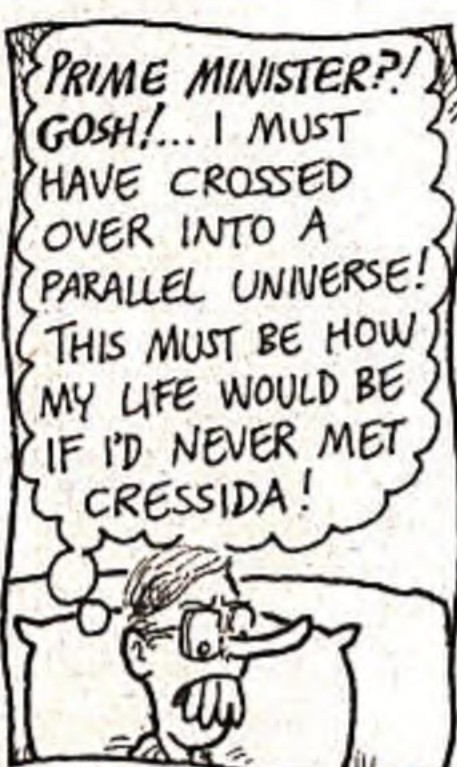
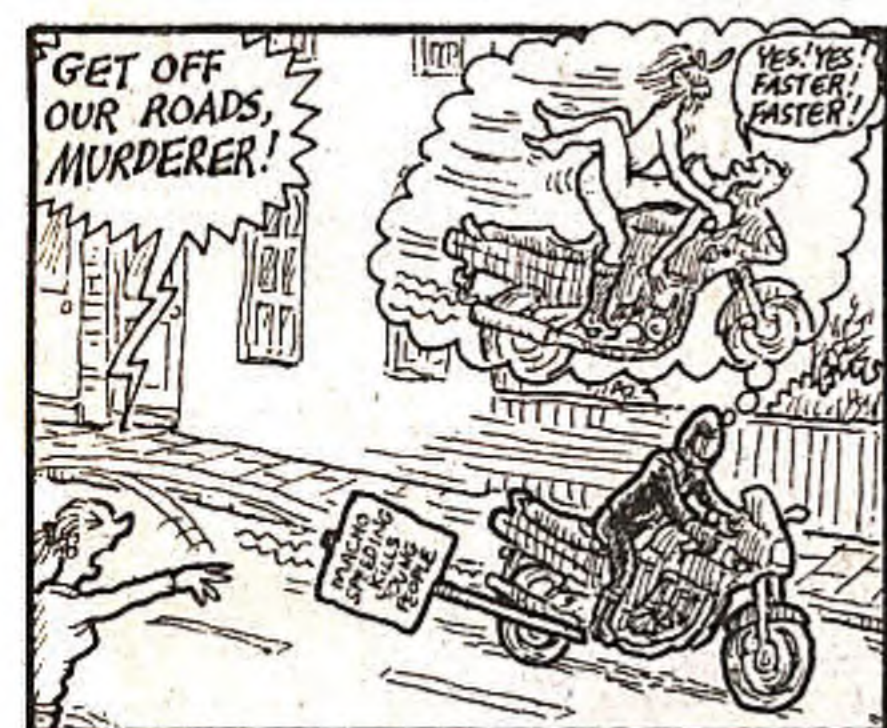
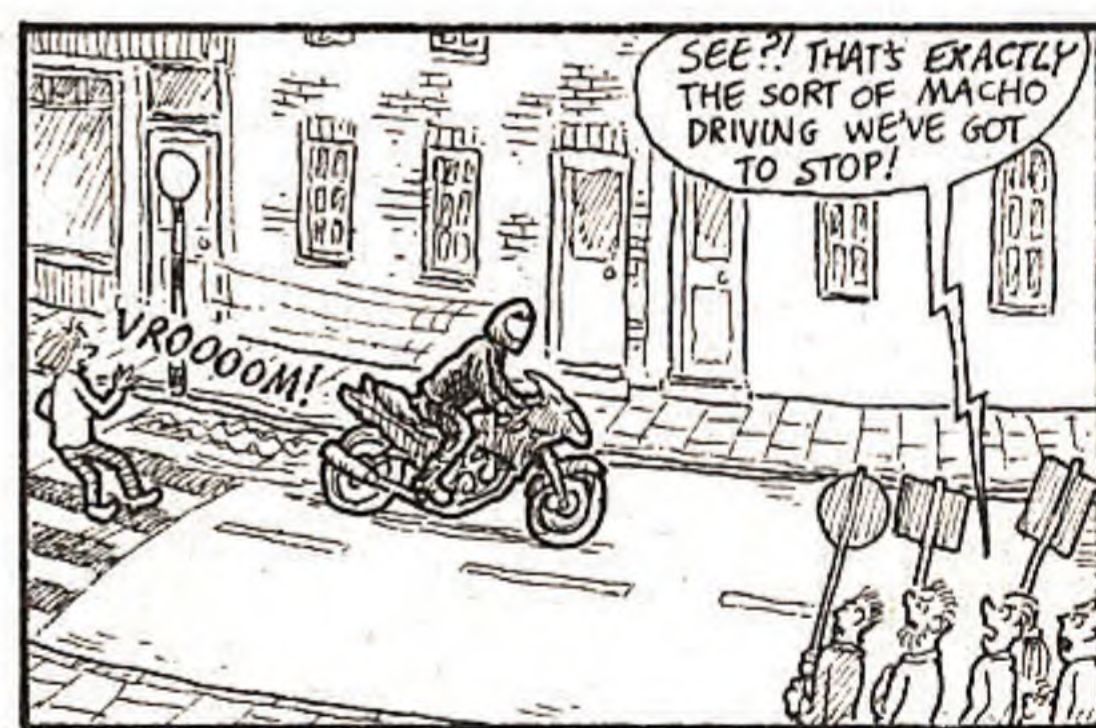
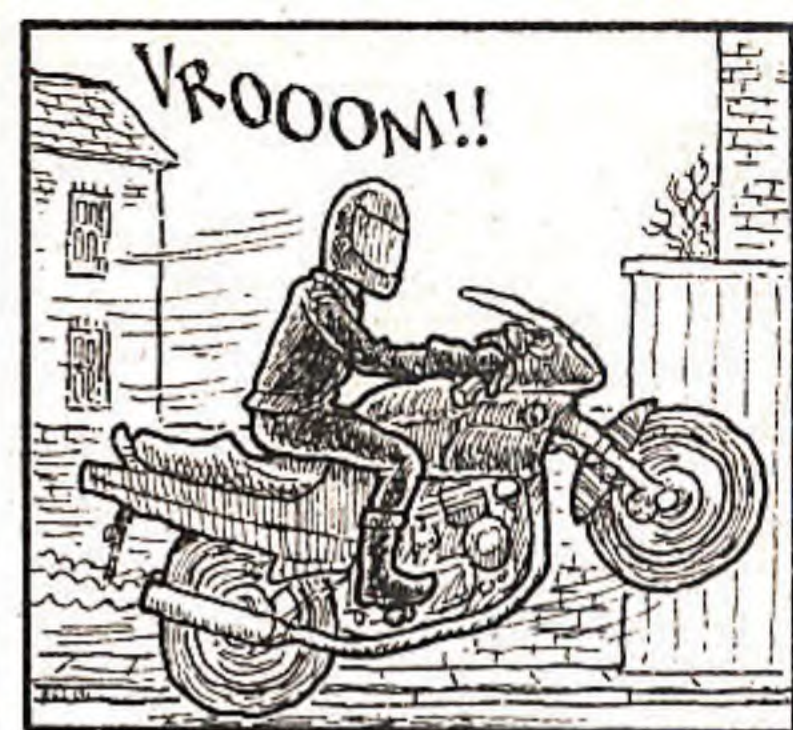
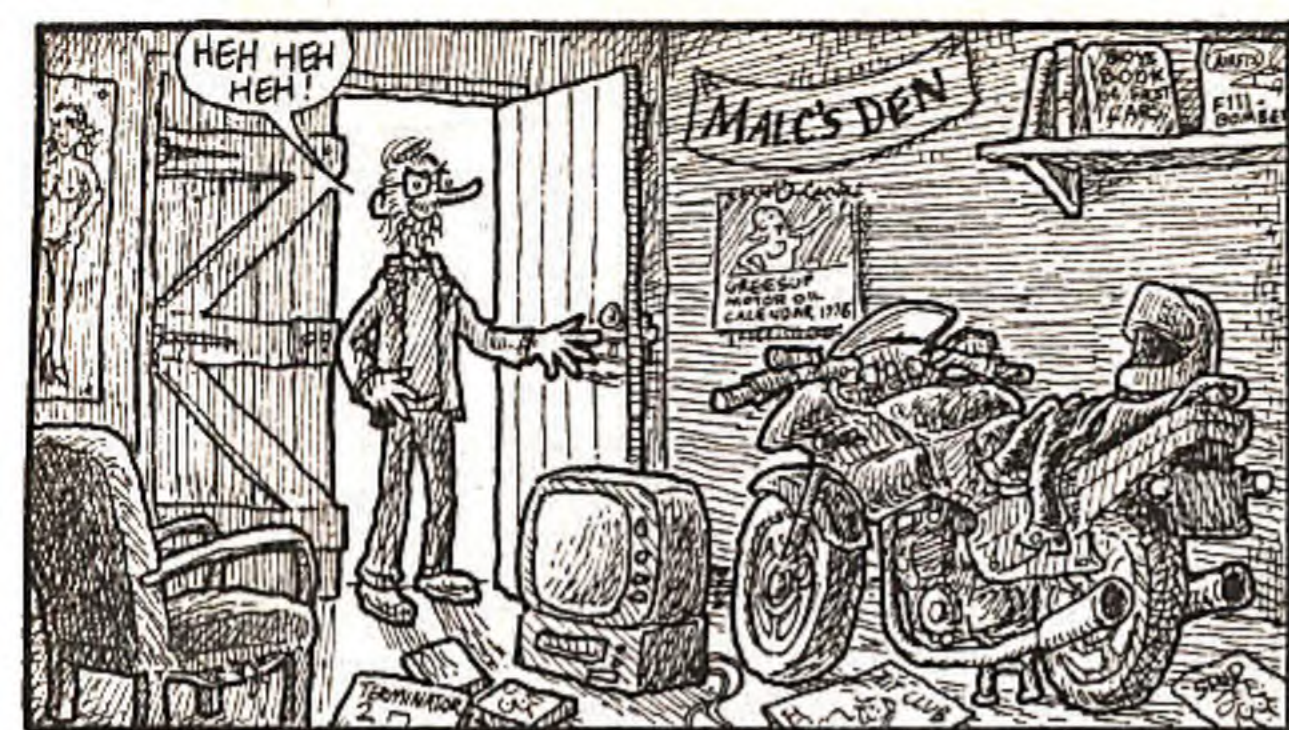
Entries on postcards to Viz, PO Box IPT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Mark the card Issue 76 and state clearly the competition you are entering plus your own name and address. Please use separate cards for separate competitions. The final closing date for all competitions is 8th March 1996.



# The MODERN PARENTS









# SPOT THE CLUE

WITH TV'S CELEBRITY CHEF  
**DELIA SMITH**



GREETINGS EAGLE-EYED SLEUTHS EVERYWHERE! I'VE COOKED UP A SIZZLING ADVENTURE THIS WEEK - AND IT'S CALLED **THE AFFAIR OF THE ENLARGED BEES**

SCOTLAND YARD: THE OFFICE OF INSPECTOR SHARPE

SHARPE! A MURDER HAS BEEN COMMITTED AT DR GRIMSDYKE'S BEE-ENLARGEMENT CLINIC



ON MY WAY, CHIEF

SHORTLY

THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE INSPECTOR. I'M DR GRIMSDYKE



BEE-ENLARGEMENT CLINIC  
DR J. GRIMSDYKE M.D.

MY JUNIOR ASSISTANT BEE-ENLARGER HAS BEEN STABBED TO DEATH!

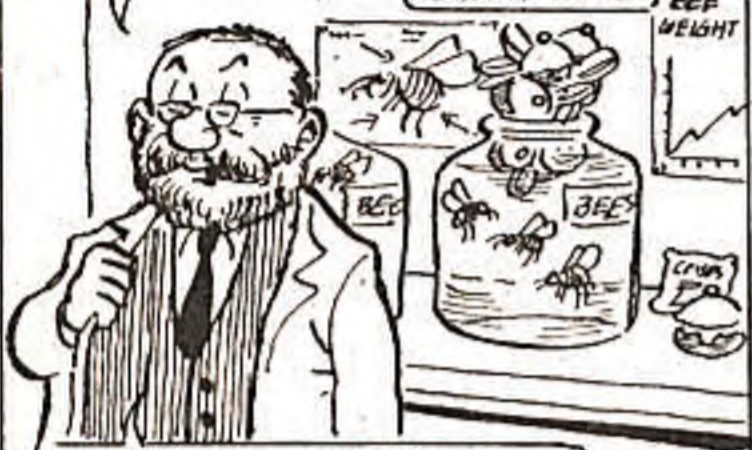
I FOUND THE BODY HERE AT NOON - WITH THIS MESSAGE SCRAWLED ON THE WALL NEXT TO HIM



STOP MAKING BEES FATTER OR I'LL KILL AGAIN!

HMM. WHAT EXACTLY IS THE PURPOSE OF YOUR CLINIC, DR GRIMSDYKE?

WE MAKE BEES PLUMPER, INSPECTOR. YOU SEE, I AM CONVINCED THAT BEES ARE TOO THIN. THEY ARE SKINNY LITTLE CREATURES WITH GAUNT FACES, AND CHEEKBONES LIKE JEREMY IRONS



SO I HAVE DEVOTED MY LIFE TO FATTENING UP BEES BY FORCE-FEEDING THEM CAKES, BISCUITS AND SWEETS

IT IS MY DREAM THAT ONE DAY, EVERY BEE IN THE LAND WILL BE GROSSLY OBESE



IMAGINE IT, INSPECTOR! SWARMS OF ENORMOUSLY-FAT BEES, ALL BUZZING AROUND WITH GREAT BIG CHUBBY CHEEKS LIKE A HAMSTER!

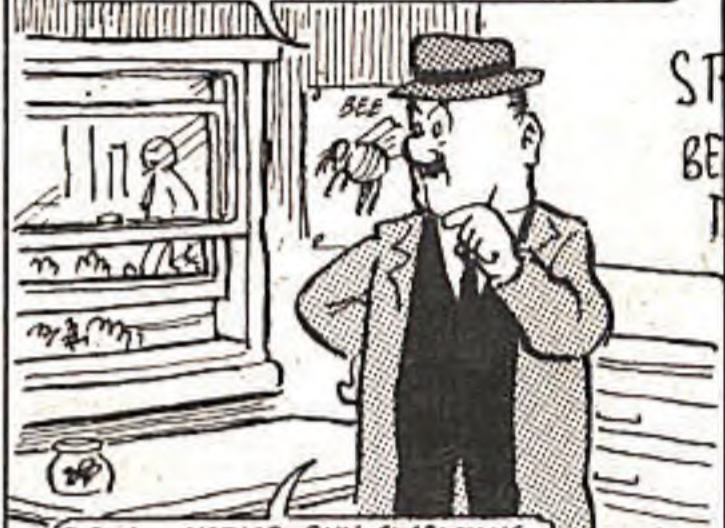
A NOBLE AMBITION, DR GRIMSDYKE



STOP MAKING BEES FATTER I'LL KILL AGAIN!

BUT SOMEBODY IS PREPARED TO COMMIT MURDER IN ORDER TO PREVENT YOU FROM ACHIEVING IT

HMM. LOOKS LIKE THE MURDERER SLIPPED IN THROUGH THIS OPEN WINDOW



DID YOU NOTICE ANY SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS HANGING ROUND OUTSIDE YOUR CLINIC THIS MORNING?

I DIDN'T, INSPECTOR - BUT MY COOK, MRS DANVERS, MAY HAVE DONE



THE KITCHEN WINDOW OVERLOOKS THE STREET, YOU SEE. MRS DANVERS MAY WELL HAVE GLANCED OUT AND SPOTTED THE MURDERER LURKING OUTSIDE

BUT IN THE KITCHEN  
OOH, I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T SEE A THING. I'VE BEEN FAR TOO BUSY COOKING DR GRIMSDYKE'S DINNER TO BE LOOKING OUT OF WINDOWS THIS MORNING!



I ALWAYS TAKE GREAT PRIDE IN MY ROAST BEEF DINNERS, INSPECTOR. THEY'RE MY SPECIALITY, YOU KNOW



LOOKS LIKE WE'VE DRAWN A BLANK, INSPECTOR

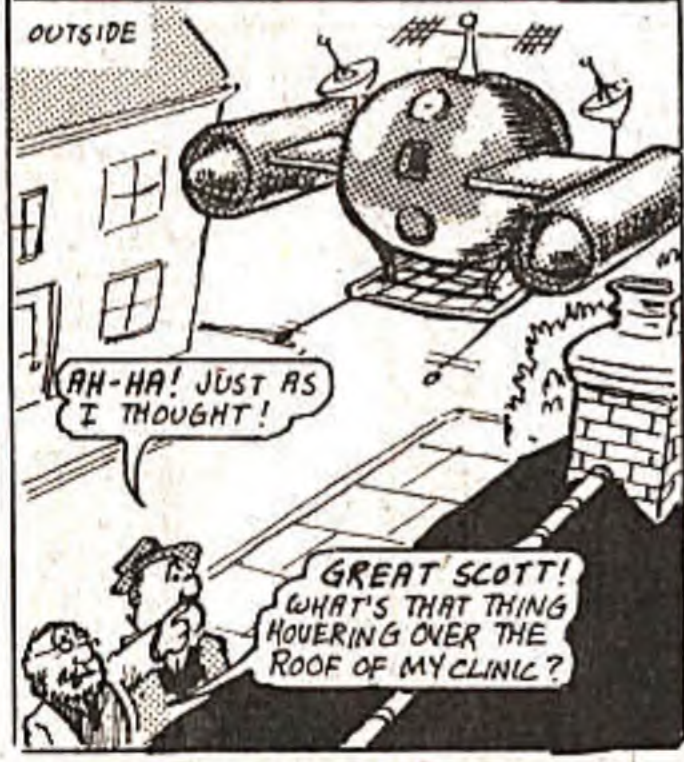
I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE!

CAN YOU SPOT THE CLUE?

MRS DANVERS IS LYING, DR GRIMSDYKE - AND I BELIEVE SHE IS THE MURDERER OF YOUR ASSISTANT



FOLLOW ME, AND WE'LL SEE IF MY SUSPICIONS ARE CORRECT



OUTSIDE

AH-HA! JUST AS I THOUGHT!

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THAT THING HOVERING OVER THE ROOF OF MY CLINIC?



IT'S A SECRET MINIATURE SPACE STATION FOR BEES, WITH NUCLEAR MISSILES POINTED AT CHINA

YOUR COOK MRS DANVERS, IS EMBARKED ON AN EVIL PLAN TO CONQUER THE WORLD!



YOU'RE A CLEVER MAN, INSPECTOR. YES, MY SECRET MINIATURE SPACE STATION IS ENTIRELY OPERATED BY SPECIALLY TRAINED BEES

AT MY COMMAND, THOSE BEES WOULD HAVE FIRED THE NUCLEAR MISSILES AT CHINA, AND I WOULD HAVE RULED THE WORLD



HOWEVER, DR GRIMSDYKE'S BEE-ENLARGEMENT CLINIC WAS MAKING MY TRAINED BEES TOO FAT TO FLY UP TO THE SPACE STATION

UNABLE TO GET THEIR FAT BEE ARSES OFF THE GROUND, THEY JUST SAT AROUND EATING BISCUITS INSTEAD OF NIPPING UP AND FIRING NUCLEAR MISSILES AT CHINA



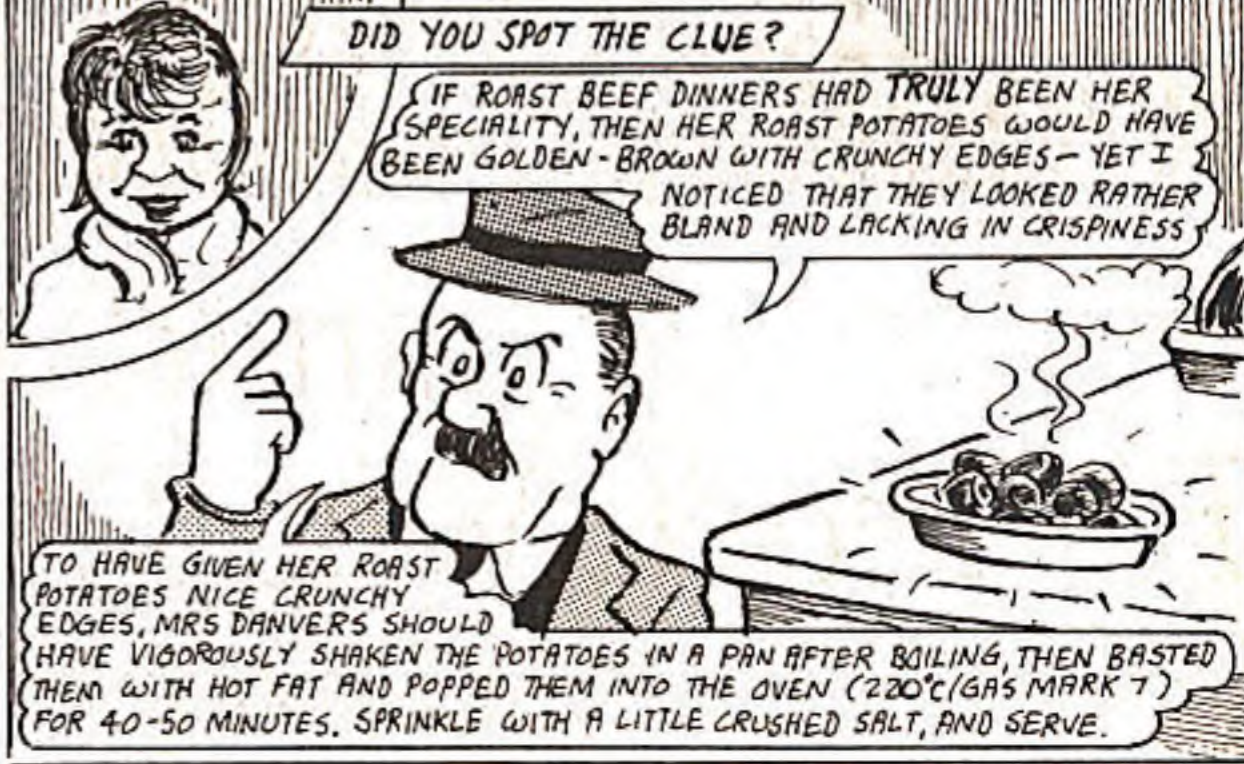
MRS DANVERS, I ARREST YOU FOR THE MURDER OF DR GRIMSDYKE'S ASSISTANT

AND ALSO FOR POINTING NUCLEAR MISSILES AT CHINA, AND TRYING TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD



NICE WORK INSPECTOR. BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW MRS DANVERS WAS GUILTY? WHAT GAVE HER AWAY?

SIMPLE. MRS DANVERS CLAIMED THAT ROAST BEEF DINNERS WERE HER SPECIALITY - BUT THIS WAS CLEARLY NOT THE CASE!



DID YOU SPOT THE CLUE?

IF ROAST BEEF DINNERS HAD TRULY BEEN HER SPECIALITY, THEN HER ROAST POTATOES WOULD HAVE BEEN GOLDEN-BROWN WITH CRUNCHY EDGES - YET I NOTICED THAT THEY LOOKED RATHER BLAND AND LACKING IN CRISPINESS

TO HAVE GIVEN HER ROAST POTATOES NICE CRUNCHY EDGES, MRS DANVERS SHOULD HAVE VIGOROUSLY SHAKEN THE POTATOES IN A PAN AFTER BOILING, THEN BASTED THEM WITH HOT FAT AND POPPED THEM INTO THE OVEN (220°C/GAS MARK 7) FOR 40-50 MINUTES. SPRINKLE WITH A LITTLE CRUSHED SALT, AND SERVE.



# THE BACONS

BIFFA  
FATHA  
AN'  
MUTHA





8ACE



32EIGER

